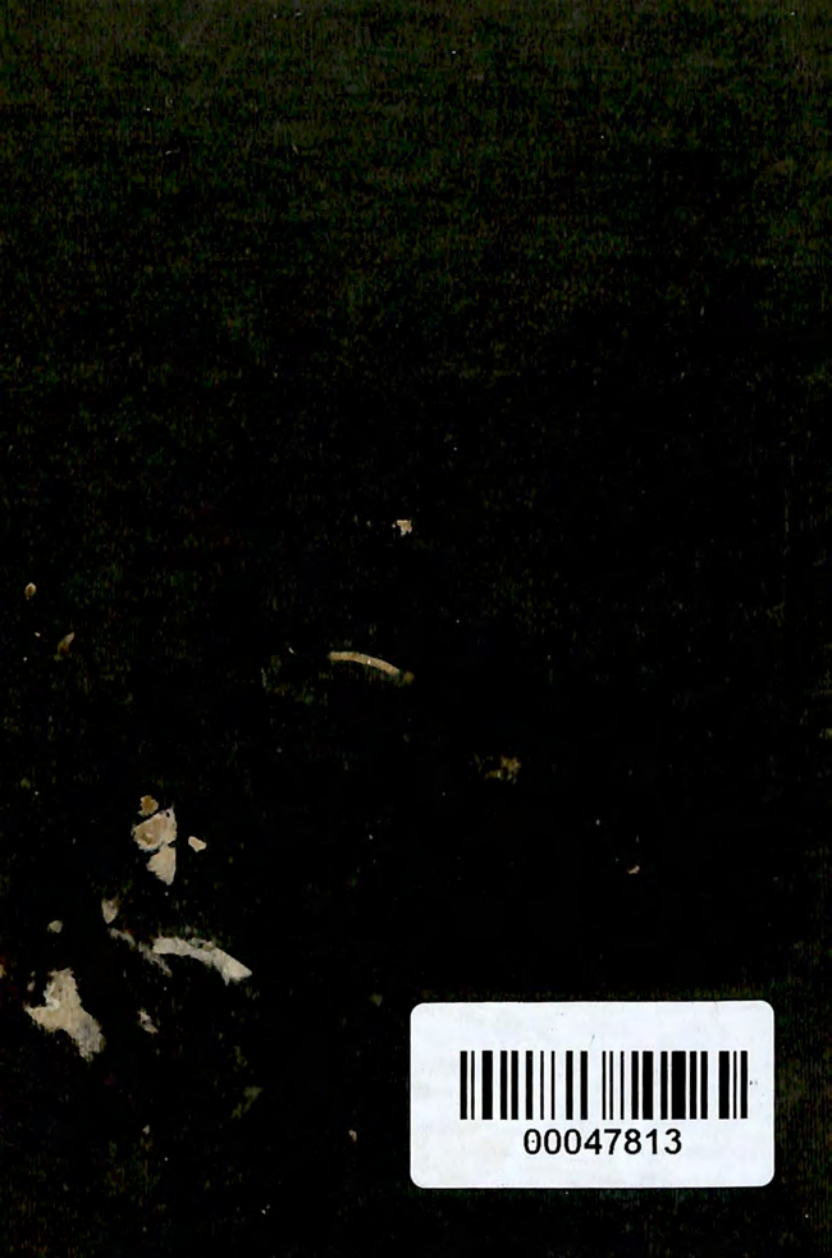
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RECOLLECTIONS

OF

A LITERARY LIFE;

OR,

BOOKS, PLACES, AND PEOPLE.

47813

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

AUTHOR OF

"OUR VILLAGE," "BELFORD REGIS," &c.

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF

A LITERARY LIFE.

I.

SPANISH BALLADS.

Every one of any imagination, every one at all addicted to that grand art of dreaming with the eyes open, and building what are called castles in the air, has, I suppose, his own peculiar realm of dream-land, his own chosen country, his own favourite period; and from my earliest hour of fanciful idleness, down to this present moment, Spain, as it existed when the Moors ruled over the fairest part of that fair country, has been mine. It is probable that I am not singular in my choice. Our vivacious neighbours, the Gauls, when they call their

air-castles *châteaux en Espagne,* give some token of their preference for that romantic locality, and the finest creations of Italian poetry, although tolerably anomalous as to place and time, may yet as a whole be referred to the same period and the same country.

My fancy for the Moors, however, long preceded my acquaintance with Ariosto. What gave rise to it I cannot tell. Who can analyze or put a date to anything so impalpable! as well try to grasp a rainbow. Perhaps it arose from the melodious stanzas of "Almanzor and Zayda," the favourite of my childhood; perhaps from the ballads in "Don Quixote," or from Don Quixote himself, the darling of my youth; perhaps from an old folio translation of Mariana's history, a book which I devoured at fifteen as girls of fifteen read romances, finding the truth, if truth it were, fully as amusing as fiction; perhaps from the countless English comedies founded on Spanish subjects; perhaps from Corneille's Cid; perhaps from Le Sage's Gil Blas; perhaps from Mozart's Don Juan! Who can tell from what plant came the seed, or what wind wafted it? Certain it is that at eighteen the fancy was full blown, and that ever since it has been fed by countless hands, and nurtured by innumerable streams. Lord Holland's charming book on Lope de Vega, Murphy's magnificent work on Granada, Mr. Prescott's Spanish

Histories, Washington Irving's graphic Chronicles, a host of French and English travellers in Spain, a host of Spanish travellers in South America, the popular works of Ford and Borrow, of Dumas and Scribe, Southey's poetry, Sir Walter's prose—all conspired to keep alive the fancy.

But beyond a doubt, the works that have most fed the flame, have been Mr. Lockhart's spirited volume of Spanish ballads, to which the art of the modern translator has given the charm of the vigorous old poets; and Mr. Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature," that rarest of all works in these days, when literature, like everything else, goes at railway speed, a conscientious book, which being the labour of a lifetime, will remain a standard authority for many generations.

In one of his recently published letters, Southey, himself a powerful though somewhat fantastic ballad writer, denies all merit to the Spanish ballads, accusing them of sameness, of want of action and of want of interest. To this there needs but Mr. Lockhart's book to reply; even if the transmittal of so long a series of poems floating upon the memories, and living in the hearts of a whole people were not answer enough: even if the very materials and accessories of these ballads, the felicity of climate, the mixture of race; of Moor and Christian; of veiled beauty and armed knight; of fountained garden and pillared court; of gigantic cathedral

and fantastic mosque; of mountains crowned with chestnut and cork-tree, and clothed with cistus and lavender; of streams winding through tufted oleanders, amid vineyards, orange-groves, and olive-grounds; of the rich halls of the Alhambra; of the lordly towers of Seville; of shrine and abbey; of pilgrim and procession; of bull-fight and tournament; of love and of battle; of princely paladins and learned caliphs, and still more learned Jews! Why this is the very stuff of which poetry is made, and strange indeed it would have been, if born amongst such beauty, and happy in a language at once stately, flowing and harmonious, the great old minstrels, who, like their compeers of the Middle Ages, the equally great old architects, have bequeathed to us their works and not their names, had failed to find it.

The first specimen that I shall select is the ballad which Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, when at Toboso, overheard a peasant singing as he was going to his work at day-break.

THE ADMIRAL GUARINOS.

The day of Roncesvalles was a dismal day for you,
Ye men of France, for there the lance of King Charles was broke in two.
Ye well may curse that rueful field, for many a noble peer
In fray or fight the dust did bite beneath Bernardo's spear.

Then captured was Guarinos, King Charles's Admiral,
Seven Moorish kings surrounded him, and seized him for their thrall;
Seven times when all the chase was o'er, for Guarinos lots they cast;
Seven times Marlotes won the throw, and the knight was his at last.

Much joy had then Marlotes, and his captive much did prize,
Above all the wealth of Araby, he was precious in his eyes.
Within his tent at evening he made the best of cheer,
And thus, the banquet done, he spake unto his prisoner.

"Now, for the sake of Allah, Lord Admiral Guarinos,
Be thou a Moslem, and much love shall ever rest between us.
Two daughters have I;—all the day shall one thy handmaid be—
The other (and the fairest far) by night shall cherish thee.

"The one shall be thy waiting-maid, thy weary feet to lave,
To scatter perfumes on thy head, and fetch thee garments brave:
The other—she the pretty one—shall deck her bridal bower,
And my field and my city they both shall be her dower.

"If more thou wishest, more I'll give. Speak boldly what thy thought is."
Thus earnestly and kindly to Guarinos said Marlotes:
But not a minute did he take to ponder or to pause,
Thus clear and quick the answer of the Christian Captain was.

"Now, God forbid! Marlotes, and Mary his dear mother,
That I should leave the faith of Christ and bind me to another.

For women—I've one wife in France, and I'll wed no more in Spain,
I change not faith, I break not vow, for courtesy or gain."

Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when thus he heard him say,
And all for ire commanded, he should be led away;
Away unto the dungeon-keep, beneath its vaults to lie.
With fetters bound in darkness deep, far off from sun and sky.

With iron bands they bound his hands; that sore unworthy plight
Might well express his helplessness; doomed never more to fight,
Again, from cincture down to knee, long bolts of iron he bore,
Which signified the knight should ride on charger never more.

Three times alone in all the year it is the captive's doom
To see God's daylight bright and clear, instead of dungeon-gloom;
Three times alone they bring him out, like Samson long ago,
Before the Moorish rabble-rout to be a sport and show.

On these high feasts they bring him forth, a spectacle to be—
The Feast of Pasque and the great day of the Nativity;
And on that morn, more solemn yet, when the maidens strip the bowers,
And gladden mosque and minaret with the first fruits of the flowers.

Days come and go of gloom and show. Seven years are past and gone.
And now doth fall the festival of the holy Baptist John;

Christian and Moslem tilts and jousts, to give it honour due,
And rushes on the paths to spread, they force the sulky Jew.

Marlotes in his joy and pride a target high doth rear,
Below the Moorish knights must ride and pierce it with the spear;
But 'tis so high up in the sky, albeit much they strain,
No Moorish lance may fly so far, Marlotes' prize to gain.

Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when he beheld them fail,
The whisker trembled on his lip, and his cheek for ire was pale.
The heralds proclamation made, with trumpets, through the town,
"Nor child shall suck, nor man shall eat, till the mark be tumbled down!"

The cry of proclamation and the trumpet's haughty sound
Did send an echo to the vault where the Admiral was bound.
"Now help me, God!" the captive cries, "What means this cry so loud?
O, Queen of Heaven! be vengeance given on these thy haters proud!

"Oh! is it that some Paynim gay doth Marlotes' daughter wed,
And that they bear my scorned fair in triumph to his bed?
Or is it that the day is come—one of the hateful three—
When they, with trumpet, fife, and drum, make heathen game of me?"

These words the jailer chanced to hear, and thus to him he said:
"These tabours, lord, and trumpets clear, conduct no bride to bed;

Nor has the feast come round again, when he that hath the right
Commands thee forth, thou foe of Spain, to glad the people's sight.

"This is the joyful morning of John the Baptist's day,
When Moor and Christian feasts at home, each in his nation's way;
But now our King commands that none his banquet shall begin,
Until some knight, by strength or sleight, the spearman's prize do win."

Then out and spoke Guarinos: "Oh! soon each man should feed,
Were I but mounted once again on my own gallant steed.
Oh, were I mounted as of old, and harnessed cap-a-pie,
Full soon Marlotes' prize I'd hold whate'er its price may be.

"Give me my horse, my old grey horse, so be he is not dead,
All gallantly caparisoned with plate on breast and head;
And give me the lance I brought from France, and if I win it not
My life shall be the forfeiture, I'll yield it on the spot."

The jailer wondered at his words. Thus to the knight said he:
"Seven weary years of chains and gloom have little humbled thee.
There's never a man in Spain, I trow, the like so well might bear,
An' if thou wilt I with thy vow will to the King repair."

The jailer put his mantle on and came unto the King,
He found him sitting on the throne within his listed ring;

Close to his ear he planted him, and the story did begin,
How bold Guarinos vaunted him the spearman's prize to win.

That were he mounted but once more on his own gallant grey,
And armed with the lance he bore on the Roncesvalles' day,
What never Moorish knight could pierce, he would pierce it at a blow,
Or give with joy his life-blood fierce at Marlotes' feet to flow.

Much marvelling, then said the King: "Bring Sir Guarinos forth,
And in the grange go seek ye for his grey steed of worth;
His arms are rusty on the wall; seven years have gone, I judge,
Since that strong horse hath bent him to be a common drudge.

"Now this will be a sight indeed to see the enfeebled lord
Essay to mount that ragged steed, and draw that rusty sword;
And for the vaunting of his phrase he well deserves to die:
So, jailer, gird his harness on, and bring your champion nigh."

They have girded on his shirt of mail, his cuisses well they've clasped,
And they've barred the helm on his visage pale, and his hand the lance hath grasped;
And they have caught the old grey horse, the horse he loved of yore,
And he stands pawing at the gate, caparisoned once more.

When the knight came out the Moors did shout, and loudly laughed the King,
For the horse he pranced and capered and furiously did fling;

But Guarinos whispered in his ear, and looked into his face,
Then stood the old charger like a lamb, with calm and gentle grace.

Oh! lightly did Guarinos vault into the saddle-tree,
And slowly riding down made halt before Marlotes' knee;
Again the heathen laughed aloud. "All hail, Sir Knight!" quoth he,
"Now do thy best, thou champion proud; thy blood I look to see."

With that Guarinos, lance in rest, against the scoffer rode,
Pierced at one thrust his envious breast, and down his turban trode.
Now ride, now ride, Guarinos! nor lance nor rowel spare,
Slay, slay, and gallop for thy life! The land of France lies *there!*

The "old grey steed" plays no mean part in the foregoing story; and of the many ballads that celebrate the glories of the Cid, I hardly know one more pleasing than that which describes the mingled spirit and gentleness of his favourite horse.

BAVIECA.

The King looked on him kindly, as on a vassal true;
Then to the King Ruy Dias spake, after reverence due:
"O King, the thing is shameful, that any man beside
The liege lord of Castile himself should Bavieca ride;

"For neither Spain nor Araby could another charger bring
So good as he, and certes the best befits my King.

But that you may behold him, and know him to the core,
I'll make him go as he was wont, when his nostrils smelt
the Moor."

With that the Cid, clad as he was in mantle furred and wide,
On Bavieca vaulting, put the rowel in his side;
And up and down, and round and round so fierce was his career,
Streamed like a pennon on the wind, Ruy Dias' minivere.

And all that saw them praised them; they lauded man and
horse,
As matched well, and rivalless for gallantry and force;
Ne'er had they looked on horseman might to this knight
come near,
Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

Thus to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious steed
He snapt in twain his hither rein:—"God pity now the Cid!
God pity Dias!" said the lords; but when they looked again,
They saw Ruy Dias ruling him with the fragment of his rein;
They saw him firmly ruling, with gesture firm and calm,
Like a true lord commanding—and obeyed as by a lamb.

And so he led him prancing and panting to the King;
But "No!" said Don Alphonso, "it were a shameful thing
That peerless Bavieca should ever be bestrid
By any mortal but Bivar:—Mount, mount again, my Cid!"

In these two ballads there is little mention of the ladies. But two of the most charming of the Moorish series are devoted to Spain exclusively. "The following," says Mr. Lockhart, "has been often imitated in Spain and in Germany." Its elegance could scarcely be increased in any language.

THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA.

"Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town.
From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,
And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpet's lordly blowing;
And banners bright from lattice light are waving everywhere,
And the tall, tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom floats proudly in the air.
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town.

"Arise, arise, Xarifa; I see Andalla's face;
He bends him to the people, with a calm and princely grace;
Through all the land of Xeres, and banks of Guadalquiver,
Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and lovely, never.
Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow, of azure mixed with white,
I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed to-night.
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town.

"What aileth thee, Xarifa? what makes thine eyes look down?
Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the town?
I've heard you say on many a day, and sure you said the truth,
Andalla rides without a peer among all Granada's youth;
Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk-white horse doth go
Beneath his stately master, with a stately step and slow.

Then rise, oh rise, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;
Unseen here, through the lattice, you may gaze with all the town."

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her cushion down;
Nor came she to the window, to gaze with all the town;
But though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her fingers strove,
And though her needle prest the silk, no flower Xarifa wove.
One bonny rose-bud she had traced before the noise drew nigh;
That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow dropping from her eye.
"No, no," she sighs, "bid me not rise, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing town."

"Why rise ye not, Xarifa, nor lay your cushion down?
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa, with all the gazing town?
Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells! and how the people cry!
He stops at Zara's palace-gate. Why sit ye still? Oh, why?"
—"At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate; in him shall I discover
The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth with tears, and was my lover?
I will not rise with weary eyes, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing town."

The next, still of a Moorish maiden, is even more charming.

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropt into the well,
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell."
'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter.
"The well is deep; far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water.
To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell;
And what to say, when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in silver set,
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well,
Oh! what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot tell!

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere;
That changeful mind unchangeful gems are not befitting well:
Thus will he think:—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell!

"He'll think, when I to market went, I loitered by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand, among my tresses noosed
From the ears where he had placed them my rings of pearl unloosed.

He'll think, when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in:—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say I loved, when he was here, to whisper of his flame;
But when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! Oh! luckless, luckless well!
For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell!

"I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will believe
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve;
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well!"

These ballads are all from Mr. Lockhart's delightful book. I add one or two extracts from the probably more literal version of Mr. Ticknor. The first is the "Lament of the Count de Saldaña," who, in his solitary prison, complains of his son, who he supposes must know his descent, and of his wife, the Infanta, whom he presumes to be in league with her royal brother. After a description of the castle in which he is confined, the Count says:

The tale of my imprisoned life
Within these loathsome walls,
Each moment as it lingers by,
My hoary hair recalls;

For when this castle first I saw,
My beard was scarcely grown,
And now, to purge my youthful sins,
Its folds hang whitening down.
Then where art thou, my careless son?
And why so dull and cold?
Doth not my blood within thee run?
Speaks it not loud and bold?
Alas! it may be so, but still
Thy mother's blood is thine;
And what is kindred to the King
Will plead no cause of mine:
And thus all three against me stand;—
For, the whole men to quell,
'Tis not enough to have our foes,
Our heart's blood must rebel.
Meanwhile, the guards that watch me here,
Of thy proud conquests boast;
But if for me thou lead'st it not,
For whom then fights thy host?
And since thou leav'st me prisoned here,
In cruel chains to groan,
Or I must be a guilty sire,
Or thou a guilty son!
Yet pardon me, if I offend
By uttering words so free,
For, while oppressed with age I moan,
No words come back from thee.

Some of these old songs are sufficiently shrewd and humorous; witness the following, "in which an elder sister is represented lecturing a younger one on first noticing in her the symptoms of love:"

Her sister Miguela
  Once chid little Jane,
And the words that she spake
  Gave a great deal of pain.

"You went yesterday playing,
  A child like the rest;
And now you come out,
  More than other girls drest.

"You take pleasure in sighs,
  In sad music delight;
With the dawning you rise,
  Yet sit up half the night.

"When you take up your work,
  You look vacant, and stare;
And gaze on your sampler,
  Yet miss the stitch there.

"You're in love, people say,
  And your actions all show it;
New ways we shall have,
  When our mother shall know it.

"She'll nail up the windows,
  And lock up the door;
Leave to frolic and dance
  She will give us no more.

"Our old aunt will be sent for,
  To take us to mass;
And to stop all our talk
  With the girls as we pass.

"And when we walk out,
She will bid that old shrew
Keep a faithful account
Of whate'er our eyes do;

"And mark who goes by,
If I peep through the blind;
And be sure to detect us
In looking behind.

"Thus, for your idle follies,
Must I suffer too;
And though nothing I've done,
Must be punished like you."

"Oh! sister Miguela,
Your chiding pray spare!
That I've troubles you guess,
But know not what they are.

"Young Pedro it is,
Old Don Ivor's fair youth;—
But he's gone to the wars,
And, oh! where is his truth?

"I love him sincerely,
Loved all that he said;
But I fear he is fickle,
I fear he has fled.

"He is gone of free choice,
Without summons or call;
And 'tis foolish to love him,
Or like him at all."

"Nay, pray morn and night
To the Virgin above,
Lest this Pedro return,
And again you should love,"

(Said Miguela in jest,
As she answered poor Jane;)
"For, when love has been bought
At the cost of such pain,

"What hope is there, sister,
Unless the soul part,
That the passion so cherished
Should leave your fond heart?

"As your years still increase,
So increase will your pains;
And this you may learn
From the proverb's old strains:

"That if, when but a child,
Love's dominion you own,
None can tell what you'll do,
When you older are grown."

This dialogue is three hundred years old at the very least. I do not think it would be quite impossible to match it now, with a little change of names and of costume. Perhaps I may have myself altered some of the lines, since I quote from memory, and have not the book to refer to.

It is not the least gratifying tribute to Mr. Ticknor's valuable work that it was recommended for perusal by Mr. Macaulay to the Queen of England.

II.

FEMALE POETS.

MISS BLAMIRE—MRS. JAMES GRAY.

THE name of Blamire has always a certain interest for me, in consequence of a circumstance, which, as it took place somewhere about five-and-forty years ago, and has reference to a flirtation of twenty years previous, there cannot now be much harm in relating.

Being with my father and mother on a visit about six miles from Southampton, we were invited by a gentleman of the neighbourhood to meet the wife and daughters of a certain Dr. Blamire. "An old friend of yours and mine," quoth our inviter to my father. "Don't you remember how you used to flirt with the fair lady when you and Babington were at Haslar? Faith, if Blamire had not taken pity on her, it would have gone hard with the poor

damsel! However, he made up to the disconsolate maiden, and she got over it. Nothing like a new love for chasing away an old one. You must dine with us to-morrow. I shall like to see the meeting."

My father did not attempt to deny the matter. Men never do. He laughed, as all that wicked sex do laugh at such sins twenty years after, and professed that he should be very glad to shake hands with his old acquaintance. So the next day we met.

I was a little curious to see how my own dear mother, my mamma that was, and the stranger lady, my mamma that might have been, would bear themselves on the occasion. At first, my dear mother, an exceedingly lady-like quiet person, had considerably the advantage, being prepared for the *rencontre* and perfectly calm and composed; whilst Mrs. Blamire, taken, I suspect, by surprise, was a good deal startled and flustered. This state of things, however, did not last. Mrs. Blamire having got over the first shock, comported herself like what she evidently was, a practised woman of the world—would talk to no one but ourselves—and seemed resolved not only to make friends with her successful rival, but to strike up an intimacy. This, by no means entered into my mother's calculations. As the one advanced the other receded, and, keeping always within the limits of civility,

I never heard so much easy chat put aside with so many cool and stately monosyllables in my life.

The most diverting part of this scene, very amusing to a stander-by, was, that my father, the only real culprit, was the only person who throughout maintained the appearance and demeanour of the most unconscious innocence. He complimented Mrs. Blamire on her daughters (two very fine girls), —inquired after his old friend, the Doctor, who was attending his patients in a distant town—and laughed and talked over bygone stories with the one lady, just as if he had not jilted her—and played the kind and attentive husband to the other, just as if he had never in all his days made love to anybody except his own dear wife.

It was one of the strange domestic comedies which are happening around us every day, if we were but aware of them, and might probably have ended in a renewal of acquaintance between the two families but for a dispute that occurred towards the end of the evening between Mrs. Blamire and the friend in whose house we were staying, which made the lady resolve against accepting his hospitable invitations, and I half suspect hurried her off a day or two before her time.

This host of ours was a very celebrated person,— no other than William Cobbett. Sporting, not politics, had brought about our present visit and

subsequent intimacy. We had become acquainted with Mr. Cobbett two or three years before, at this very house, where we were now dining to meet Mrs. Blamire. Then my father, a great sportsman, had met him while on a coursing expedition near Alton—had given him a greyhound that he had fallen in love with—had invited him to attend another coursing meeting near our own house in Berkshire—and finally, we were now, in the early autumn, with all manner of pointers, and setters, and greyhounds, and spaniels, shooting ponies, and gun-cases, paying the return visit to him.

He had at that time a large house at Botley, with a lawn and gardens sweeping down to the Bursledon River, which divided his (Mr. Cobbett's) territories from the beautiful grounds of the old friend where we had been originally staying, the great squire of the place. His own house—large, high, massive, red, and square, and perched on a considerable eminence — always struck me as being not unlike its proprietor. It was filled at that time almost to overflowing. Lord Cochrane was there, then in the very height of his warlike fame, and as unlike the common notion of a warrior as could be. A gentle, quiet, mild young man, was this burner of French fleets and cutter-out of Spanish vessels, as one should see in a summer-day. He lay about under the trees reading Selden on the Dominion of the Seas, and letting the

children (and children always know with whom they may take liberties) play all sorts of tricks with him at their pleasure. His ship's surgeon was also a visitor, and a young midshipman, and sometimes an elderly lieutenant, and a Newfoundland dog; fine sailor-like creatures all. Then there was a very learned clergyman, a great friend of Mr. Gifford, of the "Quarterly," with his wife and daughter—exceedingly clever persons. Two literary gentlemen from London and ourselves completed the actual party; but there was a large fluctuating series of guests for the hour, or guests for the day, of almost all ranks and descriptions, from the Earl and his Countess, to the farmer and his dame. The house had room for all, and the hearts of the owners would have had room for three times the number.

I never saw hospitality more genuine, more simple, or more thoroughly successful in the great end of hospitality, the putting everybody completely at ease. There was not the slightest attempt at finery, or display, or gentility. They called it a farm-house, and everything was in accordance with the largest idea of a great English yeoman of the old time. Everything was excellent—everything abundant—all served with the greatest nicety by trim waiting damsels; and everything went on with such quiet regularity, that of the large circle of guests not one could find himself in the way. I need not

say a word more in praise of the good wife, very lately dead, to whom this admirable order was mainly due. She was a sweet motherly woman, realising our notion of one of Scott's most charming characters, *Ailie Dinmont*, in her simplicity, her kindness, and her devotion to her husband and her children.

At this time William Cobbett was at the height of his political reputation; but of politics we heard little, and should, I think, have heard nothing, but for an occasional red-hot patriot, who would introduce the subject, which our host would fain put aside, and got rid of as speedily as possible. There was something of *Dandie Dinmont* about him, with his unfailing good-humour and good spirits—his heartiness—his love of field sports—and his liking for a foray. He was a tall, stout man, fair and sunburnt, with a bright smile, and an air compounded of the soldier and the farmer, to which his habit of wearing an eternal red waistcoat contributed not a little. He was, I think, the most athletic and vigorous person that I have ever known. Nothing could tire him. At home in the morning he would begin his active day by mowing his own lawn, beating his gardener, Robinson, the best mower, except himself, in the parish, at that fatiguing work.

For early rising, indeed, he had an absolute passion, and some of the poetry that we trace in his

writings, whenever he speaks of scenery or of rural objects, broke out in his method of training his children into his own matutinal habits. The boy who was first down stairs was called the Lark for the day, and had, amongst other indulgences, the pretty privilege of making his mother's nosegay and that of any lady visitors. Nor was this the only trace of poetical feeling that he displayed. Whenever he described a place, were it only to say where such a covey lay, or such a hare was found sitting, you could see it, so graphic—so vivid—so true was the picture. He showed the same taste in the purchase of his beautiful farm at Botley, Fairthorn; even in the pretty name. To be sure, he did not give the name, but I always thought that it unconsciously influenced his choice in the purchase. The beauty of the situation certainly did. The fields lay along the Bursledon River, and might have been shown to a foreigner as a specimen of the richest and loveliest English scenery. In the cultivation of his garden, too, he displayed the same taste. Few persons excelled him in the management of vegetables, fruit, and flowers. His green Indian corn—his Carolina beans—his water-melons could hardly have been exceeded at New York. His wall-fruit was equally splendid, and much as flowers have been studied since that day, I never saw a more glowing or a more fragrant autumn garden than that at Botley, with its pyramids of hollyhocks, and its masses of

china-asters, of cloves, of mignionette, and of variegated geranium. The chances of life soon parted us, as, without grave faults on either side, people do lose sight of one another; but I shall always look back with pleasure and regret to that visit.

While we were there, a grand display of English games, especially of single-stick and wrestling, took place under Mr. Cobbett's auspices. Players came from all parts of the country—the south, the west, and the north—to contend for fame and glory, and also, I believe, for a well-filled purse; and this exhibition which—quite forgetting the precedent set by a certain princess, *de jure*, called Rosalind, and another princess, *de facto*, called Celia—she termed barbarous, was the cause of his quarrel with my mamma that might have been, Mrs. Blamire.

In my life I never saw two people in a greater passion. Each was thoroughly persuaded of being in the right, either would have gone to the stake upon it, and of course, the longer they argued the more determined became their conviction. They said all manner of uncivil things: they called each other very unpretty names; she got very near to saying, "Sir, you're a savage;" he did say, "Ma'am, you're a fine lady;" they talked, both at once, until they could talk no longer, and I have always considered it as one of the greatest pieces of Christian forgiveness that I ever met with when Mr.

Cobbett, after they had both rather cooled down a little, invited Mrs. Blamire to dine at his house the next day. She, less charitable, declined the invitation, and we parted. As I have said, my father and he had too much of the hearty English character in common not to be great friends; I myself was somewhat of a favourite (I think because of my love for poetry, though he always said not), and I shall never forget the earnestness with which he congratulated us both on our escape from such a wife and such a mother. "She'd have been the death of you!" quoth he, and he believed it. Doubtless she, when we were gone, spoke quite as ill of him, and believed it also. Nevertheless, excellent persons were they both;—only they had quarrelled about the propriety or the impropriety of a bout at single-stick! Such a thing is anger!

Upon comparing names, and dates, and places, it seems probable that the Miss Blamire, whose name figures at the head of this paper, was the aunt of the Dr. Blamire, of whom we have been speaking. She died unmarried at Carlisle, in the year 1794, being then forty-seven years of age, the daughter of a respectable Cumberland gentleman, and having accompanied a married sister into Scotland many years before—a happy circumstance to which she owes her command of the pretty doric that so becomes small pieces of poetry. Her verses remained

uncollected till 1842, when they were published by Mr. Maxwell. They are well worth preserving, especially the one entitled

THE RETURN.

When silent time wi' lightly foot,
  Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land,
  Wi' mony hopes and fears.
Wha kens gin the dear friends I left,
  May still continue mine?
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
  The joys I left langsyne?

As I drew near my ancient pile,
  My heart beat a' the way;
Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak
  O' some dear former day.
Those days that followed me afar,
  Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
  A' naething to langsyne.

The ivied tower now met my eye,
  Where minstrels used to blaw;
Nae friend stepped forth wi' open hand,
  Nae weel-kenned face I saw;
Till Donald tottered to the door,
  Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return,
  He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
As if to see them there;
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hung o'er mony a chair;
Till soft remembrance flung a veil
Across these een o' mine
I closed the door, and sobbed aloud,
To think on auld langsyne.

Some pensy chiels, a new sprung race,
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shuddered at my gothic wa's,
And wished my groves awa.
"Cut, cut," they cried, "yon aged elms,
Lay low yon mournfu' pine;"
"Na! na! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' langsyne."

To wean me fra these mournfu' thoughts,
They took me to the town;
But sair on ilka weel-kenned face,
I missed the youthfu' bloom.
At ba's they pointed to a nymph,
Whom a' declared divine;
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far langsyne.

In vain I sought in music's sound,
To find that magic art,
Which aft in Scotland's ancient lays
Hae thrilled through a' my heart;
The sang had mony an artfu' turn,
My ear confessed 'twas fine,
But I missed the simple melody
I listened to langsyne.

Ye son to comrades o' my youth,
Forgie an auld man's spleen,
Wha midst your gayest scenes still mourns
The day he ance has seen.
When time has passed, and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine,
And aye the song will maist delight
That minds ye o' langsyne.

I add an example of a still bolder effort—an attempt to make tender sentiment be felt under the disguise of the rude dialect of Cumberland. Perhaps it may be the effect of Auld Lang Syne on myself, that makes me think it eminently successful.

AULD ROBIN FORBES.

And auld Robin Forbes has gi'en tem a dance,
I pat on my speckets to see them aw prance;
I thought o' the days when I was but fifteen,
And skepped wi' the best upon Forbes's green.
Of aw things that is, I think thout is meast queer;
It brings that that's by past, and sets it down here;
I see Willy as plain as I din this bit leace,
When he tuik his cwoat lappet and deeghted his feace.

The lasses aw wondered what Willy cud see
In yen that was dark and hard-featured leyke me;
And they wondered ay mair when they talked o' my wit,
And slily telt Willy that cudn't be it.
But Willy he laughed, and he meade me his weyfe,
And wha was mair happy through aw his lang leyfe?
It's e'en my great comfort now Willy is geane,
That he often said nae pleace was leyke his own heame.

I mind when I carried my wark to yon steyle,
Where Willy was deyken the time to beguile,
He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,
And I hammered my noddle to make out a jest;
But merry or grave, Willy often wad tell
There was nane o' the leave, that was leyke my ain sel';
And he spak what he thout, for I'd hardly a plack,
When we married, and nobbet ae gown to my back.

When the clock had struck eight, I expected him heame,
And whiles went to meet him as far as Dumleane;
Of aw hours it telt, eight was dearest to me,
And now when it streykes, there's a tear i' my e'e.
Oh, Willy! dear Willy! it never can be,
That age, time, or death can divide thee and me!
For that spot on earth that's aye dearest to me,
Is the turf that has covered my Willy frae me.*

Mrs. James Gray is better known in England as Mary Anne Browne, and under that name might have furnished the text to another melancholy chapter on Prodigies, a chapter on fine and promising girls who have become martyrs to the fond mistakes of parents and the careless flatteries of friends, and have lost the happy and healthful thoughtlessness of the child in the premature cares, the untimely aspirations, the fears, anxieties, and disappointments of the poetess. If in my humble career I can look back to any part of my own conduct

* Those who are fond of Scotch music may be glad to be reminded that the simply-pathetic song,

"What ails this heart of mine?"

is also by Miss Susanna Blamire.

with real satisfaction, it is that I have always, when a young lady has been brought to me in her character of prodigy, had the courage to give present pain in order to avert a future evil. I have always said, "wait;" certain that the more real was the talent the greater was the danger of over-exciting the youthful faculties, of over-stimulating the youthful sensibility. In Miss Mary Anne Browne's case, no advice was asked. I saw her first a fine tall girl of fourteen, already a full-fledged authoress, unmercifully lauded by some, as if verses, especially love verses, written at that age, could be anything better than clever imitations; and still more cruelly depreciated by others, as if we had a right to expect all the results of long study—of skilful practice—of observation—and of experience from one who was in everything but her quick ear and her fertile fancy still a child.

Thus brought forward, praised to the skies one day, utterly neglected the next—taken, as if a woman, into London society, and then thrown back upon a family circle in a provincial town, her health and spirits suffered; and, if she had not been in heart and temper a girl of a thousand, she would have become soured and miserable for life. The real power was in her, however, and the depression was temporary. When taken from the unhealthy atmosphere of the stove, the plant recovered its strength and blossomed freely in the open air.

When no longer stimulated by factitious applause, she wrote verses deserving of sincere admiration and enduring fame.

An accidental visit to Ireland introduced her poems to the Editor of the "Dublin University Magazine," and under his judicious encouragement she poured forth her various and earnest lays with astonishing fertility and abundance. In Ireland, too, she met the Scottish gentleman, Mr. James Gray, the nephew of the Ettrick Shepherd, whom, after some delay and difficulty, she married.

Her wedded life appears to have been singularly happy—as happy as it was brief. After a short illness she expired, while still in the bloom of womanhood (she had not yet completed her thirty-third year), and while rising daily in poetical power and poetical reputation.

Her highest literary merit was, however, not known until after her death. Of all poetesses, George Sand herself not excepted, she seems to me to touch with the sweetest, the firmest, the most delicate hand, the difficult chords of female passion. There is a reality in her love, and in the verse that tells it, which cannot be read without a deep and tender sympathy. Beautiful and statuesque as her sketches from the antique undoubtedly are, I prefer to quote from these posthumous poems, written from her very heart of hearts, in which passion seems to burst unconsciously into poetry.

LOVE'S MEMORY.

I wove a wreath, 'twas fresh and fair,
  Rich roses in their crimson pride,
And the blue harebell flowers were there;—
  I wove and flung the wreath aside:
Too much did those bright blossoms speak
Of thy dear eyes and youthful cheek.

I took my lute; methought its strain
  Might wile the heavy hours along;
I strove to fill my heart and brain
  With the sweet breath of ancient song:
In vain; whate'er I made my choice
Was fraught with thy bewitching voice.

And down I laid the restless lute,
  And turned me to the poet's page;
And vainly deemed that converse mute,
  Unmingled might my heart engage:
But in the poet's work I find
The fellow essence of thy mind.

I wandered midst the silent wood,
  And sought the greenest, coolest glade,
Where not a sunbeam might intrude;
  And in a chestnut's quiet shade
I sate, and in that leafy gloom,
Thought of the darkness of the tomb.

And strove to lead my heart to drink
  At the deep founts of wandering thought,
To ponder on the viewless link
  Between our souls and bodies wrought;
To quench my passionate dreams of thee
Awhile in that philosophy.

Yet, all the while, thine image bright,
Still flitted by my mind to win,
Casting through dreamy thoughts its light,
Like sunshine that *would* enter in;
And every leaf and every tree
Seemed quivering with beams of thee.

Beloved! I will strive no more!
Thine image, in vice-regal power,
Shall ruling sit all memories o'er,
Throned in my heart, until the hour
When thou thyself shalt come again,
Restoring there thine olden reign.

The next poem is also written in a hopeful mood:—

Fear not, beloved, though clouds may lower,
Whilst rainbow visions melt away,
Faith's holy star hath still a power
That may the deepest midnight sway.
Fear not! I take a prophet's tone,
Our love can neither wane nor set;
My heart grows strong in trust: mine own,
We shall be happy yet!

What though long anxious years have passed,
Since this true heart was vowed to thine,
There comes for us a light at last,
Whose beam upon our path shall shine.
We, who have loved 'mid doubts and fears,
Yet never with one hour's regret;
There comes a joy to gild our tears;
We shall be happy yet!

Ay, by the wandering birds, that find
A home beyond the mountain wave,
Though wind, and rain, and hail, combined
To bow them to an ocean grave;
By summer suns that brightly rise,
Though erst in mournful tears they set;
By all Love's hopeful prophecies,
We shall be happy yet!

It is really pleasant to know that, although the bliss was short in duration, yet the vows of that faithful heart were heard. Here is one other love note:—

Another year is dying fast,
A chequered year of joy and woe,
And dark and light alike are past,
The rose and thorn at once laid low:
All things are changed;—and I am changed,
Even in the love I knew before,
Not that my heart can be estranged,
But I have learnt to love thee more.

Yes, to mine ear thine accents all,
Have grown more welcome and more glad,
Thy coming step more musical,
And thy departing tread more sad.
They say the first bright dawn of love
Hath bliss no other time can show;
But I have lived and learned to know
How dearer far its future glow.

Their disappointments we have proved,
  Dark clouds across our path have been;
Yet better through them all we loved,
  As dark and drearier grew the scene.
Oh! would this truth could bring relief
  To thee, when earthly cares annoy,
That I would rather share thy grief
  Than revel in another's joy.

A temperament so framed must, of necessity, take pleasure in the beauties of Nature. I must make room for a few stanzas of her

ANTICIPATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

  The summer sunshine falls
O'er the hot vistas of the crowded town,
  Startling the dusty walls
With beauty and with glory not their own;
  The summer skies are bright,
A canopy of peace above the strife
  Of human hearts that fight
And struggle on the battle plain of life.

  Summers have passed away
Since I a dweller 'mid this scene became,
  And still their earliest ray
Had sent a thirsty longing through my frame;
  A longing to be far
In the green woodlands, in the pastures fair,
  And not as travellers are;
My heart hath yearned to be a dweller there.

It comes, it comes at last;
All I have panted for is near me now;
Ere many hours have past,
A cool untroubled breeze shall fan my brow.
The faint continuous hum
That hath been round me till 'twas scarcely heard,
No more shall near me come
To mar the melodies of bee or bird.

No more the sultry street
Shall echo to my quick uneasy tread;
Gladly I turn my feet
To where the turf in daisied pride is spread.
No more the whirling wheel,
The tramping horses, and the people's shout;—
Oh! how my heart will feel
The pleasant quiet circling me about.

Blessed to go away,
To where the wild-flower blooms and wood-bird sings,
And lightly o'er the spray
The purple vetch its wreathing garland flings.

* * * * *

One more I must quote, of a still different strain. It was left without a title, a mere fragment amongst her papers; but the Editor of the "Dublin University Magazine" has called it

THE GIFTED.

Oh, woe for those whose dearest themes
Must rest within the bosom's fold!
Oh, woe for those who live on dreams,
Unheeded by the coarse and cold.

They have a hidden life, akin
To nothing in this earthly sphere;
They have a glorious world within,
Where nothing mortal may appear;
A world of song, and flower, and gem,
Yet woe for them! Oh, woe for them!

Such his perplexing grief who seeks
A refuge upon stranger shores;
In vain to foreign ears he speaks,
In vain their sympathy implores.
The same sad fate a bark might prove,
Laden with gold or princely store,
Without a guiding star above,
With an unmeasured deep before.
The world doth scorn them, gibe, condemn;—
Woe for the gifted! Woe for them!

Surely this was a very remarkable woman; and these poems (there are many more of nearly equal beauty) should not be left to the perishable record of a magazine. Her earliest publications were, as I have said, of little worth; but enough of the highest merit might be collected to form an enduring memorial of her genius and her virtues.

III.

AMERICAN ORATORS.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

ONE of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of the living orators of America, is, beyond all manner of doubt, Daniel Webster. That he is also celebrated as a lawyer and a statesman is a matter of course in that practical country, where even so high a gift as that of eloquence is brought to bear on the fortunes of individuals and the prosperity of the commonwealth—no idle pilaster placed for ornament, but a solid column aiding to support the building. A column indeed, stately and graceful with its Corinthian capital, gives no bad idea of Mr. Webster; of his tall and muscular person, his massive features, noble head, and the general expression of placid strength by which he is distinguished. This is a mere fanciful comparison;

but Sir Augustus Callcott's fine figure of Columbus has been reckoned very like him; a resemblance that must have been fortuitous, since the picture was painted before the artist had even seen the celebrated orator.

When in England some ten or twelve years ago, Mr. Webster's calm manner of speaking excited much admiration, and perhaps a little surprise, as contrasted with the astounding and somewhat rough rapidity of progress which is the chief characteristic of his native land. And yet that calmness of manner was just what might be expected from a countryman of Washington, earnest, thoughtful, weighty, wise. No visitor to London ever left behind him pleasanter recollections, and I hope that the good impression was reciprocal. Everybody was delighted with his geniality and taste; and he could hardly fail to like the people who so heartily liked him. Amongst our cities and our scenery he admired that most which was most worthy of admiration; preferring, in common with many of the most gifted of his countrymen, our beautiful Oxford, whose winding street exhibits such a condensation of picturesque architecture, mixed with water, trees, and gardens, with ancient costume, with eager youth, with by-gone associations and rising hopes, certainly to any of our new commercial towns, and perhaps, as mere picture to London herself; and carrying home with him as one of the most precious

and characteristic memorials of the land of his forefathers, a large collection of architectural engravings, representing our magnificent Gothic cathedrals and such of our Norman castles and Tudor manor-houses, as have escaped the barbarities of modern improvers. We are returning ourselves to that style now; but twelve years ago it was his own good taste, and not the fashion of the day that prompted the preference.

I owe to his kindness, and to that of my admirable friend, Mr. Kenyon, who accompanied him, the honour and pleasure of a visit from Mr. Webster and his amiable family in their transit from Oxford to Windsor;—my local position between these two points of attraction has often procured for me the gratification of seeing my American friends when making that journey;—but during *this* visit a little circumstance occurred so characteristic, so graceful, and so gracious, that I cannot resist the temptation of relating it.

Walking in my cottage garden, we talked naturally of the roses and pinks that surrounded us, and of the different indigenous flowers of our island and of the United States. I had myself had the satisfaction of sending to my friend, Mr. Theodore Sedgwick, a hamper containing roots of many English plants familiar to our poetry: the common ivy—how could they want ivy who had had no time for ruins?—the primrose and the cowslip, immortalized

by Shakespeare and by Milton; and the sweet-scented violets, both white and purple, of our hedgerows and our lanes; that known as the violet in America (Mr. Bryant somewhere speaks of it as "the yellow violet") being, I suspect, the little wild pansy (*viola tricolor*) renowned as the love-in-idleness of Shakespeare's famous compliment to Queen Elizabeth. Of these we spoke; and I expressed an interest in two flowers known to me only by the vivid description of Miss Martineau: the scarlet lily of New York and of the Canadian woods, and the fringed gentian of Niagara. I observed that our illustrious guest made some remark to one of the ladies of his party; but I little expected that, as soon after his return as seeds of these plants could be procured, I should receive a packet of each, signed and directed by his own hand. How much pleasure these little kindnesses give! And how many such have come to me from over the same wide ocean!

I could tell another story also of a great American orator, a story told to me two or three years before this occurrence by another distinguished American visitor. He told it to me with the low tone of a deep sympathy one summer evening in my old garden room, the moon rising red and full above the pyramid of geraniums and the scent of a thousand flowers floating upon the air.

I do not know why I tell it here; except that both stories belong in some sort to my garden, and that both relate to men eminent in America as lawyers and as statesmen; although of my friend's hero, for obvious reasons, I do not venture to give the name. Many years have passed since I heard that interesting narrative, and in small circumstances of detail I may mistake; but the one great fact, the admirable self-denial and self-sacrifice can never be forgotten. It strikes too deep a root in the heart.

The story was of a father, one of those sturdy pioneers of American civilization, who hew their way through the Western Forest, and of his two stalwart boys. They had built a homestead, and cleared many acres around them, when, during a pause in their labours, one of the sons (I think the younger) addressed his father to this effect: "Father! the house is raised; the trees are down; the fields are fenced. You have my brother to help you and can do without me. Let me go to the town and study. I feel that I was born to fight my way amongst men, and not to wear out my days in the toils of a husbandman."

The father must have been worthy of such a son, for he understood him, and felt the full force of the appeal. "Well, my boy," said he; "go where you will, and my blessing shall go with you. Take these dollars and make them last as long as you can, for I have no more to give."

So the bold adventurer sallied forth to the nearest town where education was to be won. The dollars were but few; and the young pupil, although a model of frugality and application, found himself penniless long before he had fought his way through the college course. His courage, however, never failed. By that time he had discovered his own strength. He engaged with a lawyer to write for him during the evenings and by night, whilst he pursued his regular studies by day; thus defraying his own expenses, whether for education or for living; and evincing in his legal avocations such extraordinary ability and aptness, that by the time he had arrived at the head of his class, his friend the lawyer furnished him with a letter to his own brother, then in high practice in the chief town of the State, assuring him "that the recommendation which that letter contained would secure to him immediate employment, and eventually, with his own powers and perseverance, all that he required for a high success in life."

Enchanted with his prospects, our adventurer set forth upon a visit to his forest home, to take leave of his parents before the long absence which he anticipated.

On his arrival at the farm, he found the delight and pride which such a career could hardly fail to claim; but he found also that which he had seen no cause to expect—the brother whom he had left

behind content with healthful labour, sickening and drooping under the same hunger and thirst for mental improvement that he himself had experienced some years before. What was the resolve of that noble heart? How did he act under such a trial? He laid his letter of introduction aside—that letter which was to command fortune! He took his brother with him to the town which he had quitted as he thought for ever; placed him in the college where he himself had studied; returned to his old friend the lawyer; resumed his labours in the office, and worked calmly on until the brother, whom he wholly supported, aided by his instructions, had overcome all his disadvantages and attained the high place in the classes that he himself had occupied.

This was my visitor's story. I only wish I could tell it to my readers as he told it to me. But even under all the imperfections of my poor narrative, and lacking the crowning name that gives to it such a power of contrast, it still seems to me almost unequalled in its simplicity and grandeur of self-sacrifice. When some powerful monarch, like Charles the Fifth, abdicates the thrones of Germany and Spain, and the Indies, it sounds much. But then it is a sickly, aged, disenchanted man, who knows full well the vanity and nothingness of what he resigns; who has felt for many a year how weary a thing it is to be an Emperor. Besides, he

is an Emperor still. The eyes of the world are upon him. He has only put on a new form of royalty. Now here is a young, an ambitious, a self-reliant spirit, who puts aside, not by one grand and solemn abdication, but by the quiet, silent, painful, effort of days and months and years, the most precious crown of all the world, the bright crown Hope.

After some natural exclamations of admiration, came the equally natural question, "Did that favoured brother prove himself worthy of such a sacrifice?"

"Alas!" said my friend, "he lived only long enough to show how worthy he would have proved. He had already taken his place amongst the most eminent lawyers in Massachusetts when he was snatched away by death."

To return to Mr. Webster: I quote (from a fine American edition of his speeches, sent to me by a friend, who gave every promise of following in the same track) part of an "argument on the trial of John F. Knapp, for the murder of Joseph White, Esq., of Salem in the county of Essex, Massachusetts, on the night of the 6th of April, 1830."

I choose this thrilling story of a great crime, not merely on account of the fine picture which it presents of an old man murdered in his sleep, and the state of mind of the murderer, but because, as a subject of universal interest, the eloquence

bestowed on such a theme will be better appreciated in England, than those speeches which, referring to national policy, demand of the reader a certain acquaintance not only with the internal government, but with the position of conflicting parties in the United States. I might also have another reason for my selection: a desire to adduce the authority of so eminent a statesman trained under the freest of all institutions and the most sparing of capital punishment, and passing his life in the vindication of individual and national liberty, against the unhealthy and morbid sympathy with crime and criminals, which is one of the crying evils of our day.

Short as my extracts from this magnificent speech must necessarily be, the introductory statement is essential to their comprehension.

"Mr. White, a highly respectable and wealthy citizen of Salem, about eighty years of age, was found on the morning of the 7th of April, 1830, in his bed murdered, under such circumstances as to create a strong sensation in that town and throughout the community.

"Richard Crowninshield, George Crowninshield, Joseph J. Knapp and John F. Knapp were, a few weeks after, arrested on a charge of having perpe trated the murder, and committed for trial. Joseph J. Knapp soon after, under the promise of favour from Government, made a full confession of the crime and the circumstances attending it. In a

few days after this disclosure was made, Richard Crowninshield, who was supposed to have been the principal assassin, committed suicide.

"A Special Session of the Supreme Court was ordered by the Legislature for the trial of the prisoners at Salem, in July. At that time, John F. Knapp was indicted as principal in the murder, and George Crowninshield and Joseph J. Knapp as accessories.

"On account of the death of Chief Justice Parker, which occurred on the 26th of July, the court adjourned to Tuesday, the 3rd of August, when it proceeded in the trial of John F. Knapp. Joseph J. Knapp being called upon refused to testify, and the pledge of the Government was withdrawn.

"At the request of the prosecuting officers of the Government, Mr. Webster appeared as counsel and assisted at the trial.

"Mr. Dexter addressed the jury on behalf of the prisoner, and was succeeded by Mr. Webster in the following speech:—

"I am little accustomed, gentlemen, to the part which I am now attempting to perform. Hardly more than once or twice has it happened to me to be concerned, on the side of the Government, in any criminal prosecution whatever; and never, until the present occasion, in any case affecting life.

"But I very much regret that it should have been thought necessary to suggest to you that I am

brought here to hurry you against the law and beyond the evidence. I hope I have too much regard for justice, and too much respect for my own character, to attempt either; and were I to make such attempt, I am certain that in this court nothing could be carried against the law, and that gentlemen intelligent and just as you are, are not by any power to be hurried beyond the evidence. Though I could well have wished to shun this occasion, I have not felt at liberty to withhold my professional assistance, when it is supposed that I might be in some degree useful in investigating and discovering the truth, respecting this most extraordinary murder. It has seemed to be a duty incumbent on me, as on every other citizen, to do my best and my utmost to bring to light the perpetrators of this crime. Against the prisoner at the bar I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing this deed of midnight assassination may be brought to answer for their enormous guilt at the bar of public justice. Gentlemen it is a most extraordinary case. In

some respects it has hardly a precedent anywhere: certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama, exhibited no suddenly excited ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation, springing upon their virtue and overcoming it, before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all 'hire and salary, not revenge.' It was the weighing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver against so many ounces of blood.

"An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited in an example where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England Society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the blood-shot eye emitting livid fires of malice. Let him draw rather a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in repose rather than in action; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity and in its

paroxysms of crime as an infernal nature, a fiend, in the ordinary display and development of his character.

"The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances now clearly in evidence spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft though strong embrace. The assassin enters through the window already prepared into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he passes the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise, and he enters and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon resting on the grey locks of the aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes without a struggle or a motion from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed

by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard. To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse. He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—nö eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own, and it is safe.

"Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it and say that it is safe. Not to speak of that Eye which glances through all disguises and beholds everything as in the splendour of noon. Such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that 'murder will out.' True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come and will come sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand

excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labours under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him, and like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal *secret* struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it *will* be confessed, there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

"Much has been said on this occasion of the

excitement which has existed and still exists, and of the extraordinary measures taken to discover and punish the guilty. No doubt there has been, and is much excitement, and strange indeed were it had it been otherwise. Should not all the peaceable and well-disposed naturally feel concerned, and naturally exert themselves to bring to punishment the authors of this secret assassination? Did you, gentlemen, sleep quite as quietly in your beds after this murder as before? Was it not a case for rewards, for meetings, for committees, for the united efforts of all the good, to find out a band of murderous conspirators, of midnight ruffians, and to bring them to the bar of justice and law? If this be excitement, is it an unnatural or an improper excitement?

"It seems to me, gentlemen, that there are appearances of another feeling, of a very different nature and character, not very extensive I would hope, but still there is too much evidence of its existence. Such is human nature, that some persons lose their abhorrence of crime, in their admiration of its magnificent exhibitions. Ordinary vice is reprobated by them, but extraordinary guilt, exquisite wickedness, the high flights and poetry of crime, seize on the imagination, and lead them to forget the depth of the guilt in admiration of the excellence of the performance, or the unequalled atrocity of the purpose. There are those in our

day who have made great use of this infirmity of our nature; and by means of it done infinite injury to the cause of good morals. They have affected not only the taste, but, I fear, also the principles of the young, the heedless and the imaginative, by the exhibition of interesting and beautiful monsters. They render depravity attractive, sometimes by the polish of its manners, and sometimes by its very extravagance; and study to show off crime under all the advantages of cleverness and dexterity. Gentlemen, this is an extraordinary murder, but it is still a murder. We are not to lose ourselves in wonder at its origin, or in gazing on its cool and skilful execution. We are to detect and punish it; and while we proceed with caution against the prisoner, and are to be sure that we do not visit on his head the offences of others, we are yet to consider that we are dealing with a case of most atrocious crime, which has not the slightest circumstance about it to soften its enormity. It is murder, deliberate, concerted, malicious murder.

* * * *

"It is said 'that laws are made, not for the punishment of the guilty, but for the protection of the innocent.' This is not quite accurate perhaps, but if so, we hope they will be so administered as to give that protection. But who are the innocent whom the law would protect? Gentlemen, Joseph

White was innocent. They are innocent, who having lived in the fear of God through the day, wish to sleep in peace through the night in their own beds. The law is established that those who live quietly may sleep quietly, that they who do no harm may feel none. The gentleman can think of none that are innocent except the prisoner at the bar—not yet convicted. Is a proved conspirator to murder innocent? Are the Crowninshields and the Knapps innocent? What is innocence? How deep-stained with blood, how reckless in crime, how sunk in depravity may it be, and yet remain innocence? The law is made, if we would speak with entire accuracy, to protect the innocent by punishing the guilty. But there are those innocent out of court as well as in; innocent citizens never suspected of crime, as well as innocent prisoners at the bar.

"The criminal law is not founded on a principle of vengeance. It does not punish that it may inflict suffering. The humanity of the law feels and regrets every pain it causes, every hour of restraint it imposes, and more deeply still every life it forfeits. But it uses evil as the means of preventing greater evil. It seeks to deter from crime by the example of punishment. This is its true, and only true main object. It restrains the liberty of the few offenders, that the many who do not offend may enjoy their own liberty.

It forfeits the life of the offender that other murders may not be committed. The law might open the jails and at once set free all prisoners accused of offences; and it ought to do so if it could be made certain that no other offence would hereafter be committed. Because it punishes, not to satisfy any desire to inflict pain, but simply to prevent the repetition of crimes. When the guilty, therefore, are not punished, the law has so far failed of its purpose; the safety of the innocent is so far endangered. Every unpunished murder takes away something from the security of every man's life. And whenever a jury, through whimsical and ill-founded scruples, suffer the guilty to escape, they make themselves answerable for the augmented danger of the innocent."

[Then follow nearly forty closely printed octavo pages of the most minute and ablest dissection of every part of the case; the most crushing answer to the opposite counsel; and the most searching and subtle analysis of the evidence. Every scene of the tragedy, from the first conception of the plot to the awful catastrophe, passes before us as if we had been present bodily. We are eye and ear-witnesses to every incident. Mr. Webster winds up his speech with the following impressive peroration.]

"Gentlemen, I have gone through with the evidence in this case, and have endeavoured to

state it plainly and fairly before you. I think there are conclusions to be drawn from it, which you cannot doubt. I think you cannot doubt that there was a conspiracy formed for the purpose of committing this murder, and who the conspirators were.

"That you cannot doubt that the Crowninshields and the Knapps were parties in this conspiracy

"That you cannot doubt that the prisoner at the bar knew that the murder was to be done on the 6th of April.

"That you cannot doubt that the murderers of Captain White were the suspicious persons seen in and about Brown Street on that night.

"That you cannot doubt that Richard Crowninshield was the perpetrator of that crime.

"That you cannot doubt that the prisoner at the bar was in Brown Street on that night.

"If there, then it must be by agreement, to countenance, to aid the perpetrator: and if so, then he is guilty as a principal.

"Gentlemen,—Your whole concern should be to do your duty, and leave consequences to take care of themselves. You will receive the law from the court. Your verdict, it is true, may endanger the prisoner's life, but then it is to save other lives. If the prisoner's guilt has been shown and proved beyond all reasonable doubt, you will convict him. If such reasonable doubts of guilt still remain, you

will acquit him. You are the judges of the whole case. You owe a duty to the public, as well as to the prisoner at the bar. You cannot pretend to be wiser than the law. Your duty is a plain, straightforward one. Doubtless, we would all judge him in mercy. Towards him, as an individual, the law inculcates no hostility; but towards him, if proved to be a murderer, the law, and the oaths you have taken, and public justice, demand that you do your duty.

"With consciences satisfied with the discharge of duty, no consequences can harm you. There is no evil that we cannot either face or fly from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded.

"A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the utmost parts of the seas, duty performed or duty violated is still with us for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet farther onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it."

There is no need to enhance the merit of eloquence like this; but I recollect to have heard that this immense effort was made immediately after a journey of unparalleled rapidity and fatigue which would have completely exhausted the energy of any man but Mr. Webster.

IV.

OLD AUTHORS.

BEN JONSON.

"O RARE Ben Jonson!" so said his contemporaries, and those contemporaries the greatest dramatic poets, the greatest poets of any age or clime. "O rare Ben Jonson!" says his tomb in Westminster Abbey; "O rare Ben Jonson!" echo we. But I doubt much whether our praises be not founded on very different qualities from those which were hailed with such acclaim by the marvellous assembly of wits who congregated at the "Mermaid." Hear what Beaumont, in his celebrated epistle to Jonson, says of that fair company. He writes to him from the country:

"Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at Tennis, which men do the best

With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
Done at the 'Mermaid!' heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one, from whom they came,
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then, when there hath been shown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past; wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty; though but downright fools, mere wise."

These men, admirable judges although they were, seem to have regarded with what we cannot but think an over-admiration the art which wanted the crowning triumph of looking like nature, and the learning, which displayed rather than pervading, overlays and encumbers his finely-constructed but heavy and unwieldy plays. We of this age, a little too careless perhaps of learned labour, would give a whole wilderness of Catilines and Poetasters, and even of Alchemists and Volpones, for another score of the exquisite lyrics which are scattered carelessly through the plays and masques which—strange contrast with the rugged verse in which they are embedded—seem to have burst into being at a stroke, just as the evening primrose flings open her fair petals at the close of the day. Lovelier

songs were never written than these wild and irregular ditties. Here are some of them.

HYMN TO DIANA, IN "CYNTHIA'S REVELS,"

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver car,
State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close.
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever.
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

SONG, FROM THE SAME.

Slow, slow fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears,
Yet slower, yet, O faintly, gentle springs!
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division when she sings.

Droop herbs and flowers,
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours.
O I could still
(Like melting snow upon some craggy hill)
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since summer's pride is now a withered daffodil.

SONG OF NIGHT, IN THE MASQUE OF "THE VISION OF DELIGHT."

Break, Phantasie, from thy cave of cloud,
And spread thy purple wings;
Now all thy figures are allowed,
And various shapes of things.
Create of airy forms a stream,
It must have blood, and nought of phlegm;
And though it be a waking dream,
Chorus. Yet let it like an odour rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or music in their ear.

CHORUS, FROM THE SAME.

In curious knots and mazes so,
The spring at first was taught to go;
And Zephyr, when he came to woo
His Flora, had their motions too:
And thus did Venus learn to lead
The Idalian brawls, and so to tread
As if the wind, not she, did walk,
Nor prest a flower, nor bowed a stalk.

SONG, IN "THE MASQUE OF BEAUTY."

So Beauty, on the waters stood
When Love had severed Earth from Flood!
So, when he parted Air from Fire,
He did with concord all inspire!
And then a motion he them taught
That elder than himself was thought;
Which thought was yet the child of earth,
For Love is elder than his birth.

SONG, FROM "THE SILENT WOMAN."

(*A lesson, dear ladies.*)

Still to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

FROM A CELEBRATION OF CHARIS.

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth;
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.

As she goes all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty,
And enamoured do wish that they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side
Thorough swords, thorough seas wheresoever she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that loves world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As love's star, when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arched brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife!

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Ha' you felt the wool of the beaver,
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

SONG.

Oh! do not worship with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing!
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

Oh! be not angry with those fires
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.
Oh! do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them, as distract with tears,
Mine own enough betray me.

SONG TO CELIA.

I should hardly perhaps have thought of inserting a song so familiar to every ear as the following, had I not, in turning over Jonson's huge volume, been reminded of a circumstance connected with it which greatly startled me at the moment. Milton talks of airs "married to immortal verse;" but it should seem that there is no marriage without an occasional divorce; for the last time I heard the well-known melody which belongs to this fine Anacreontic, as indissolubly as its own peculiar perfume to a flower, was in an Independent Chapel, where widely different words—the words of a hymn—were adapted to the air. It was John Wesley, I believe, who said that he saw no reason why Satan should have all the best tunes; and I should not lightly impugn the wisdom of any axiom of John Wesley, who understood human nature as well as most men. But in this instance, such is the force of association, that I can scarcely say how strongly I felt the dis-

crepancy, all the more for the impressive plainness and simplicity of the Presbyterian mode of worship, and the earnest eloquence of the white-haired preacher. The sermon was half over before I had recovered the tone of feeling proper to the place and the occasion.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Must surely be divine;
But might I of Love's nectar sup
I would not change for wine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be,
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

FIRST SPEECH IN "THE SAD SHEPHERD,"

Enter ŒGLAMONE.

Œgla. Here she was wont to go! and here! and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
The world may find the spring by following her,
For other print her airy steps ne'er left.

Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blowball from his stalk!
But like the soft west wind she shot along,
And where she went the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot.

This delightful pastoral on the story of Robin Hood and Maid Marian is unhappily unfinished. Scarcely half is written, and even that wants the author's last touches.

SPEECH OF MAIA, IN "THE PENATES."

If every pleasure were distilled
Of every flower in every field,
And all that Hybla's hives do yield,
Were into one broad mazer filled;
If thereto added all the gums
And spice that from Panchaia comes,
The odour that Hydasper lends,
Or Phœnix proves before she ends;
If all the air my Flora drew,
Or spirit that Zephyr ever blew,
Were put therein; and all the dew
That every rosy morning knew;
Yet all diffused upon this bower,
To make one sweet detaining hour,
Were much too little for the grace
And honour you vouchsafe the place.
But if you please to come again,
We vow we will not then with vain
And empty pastime entertain
Your so desired, though grieved, pain.

For we will have the wanton Fawns,
That frisking skip about the lawns,
The Panisks, and the Sylvans rude,
Satyrs, and all that multitude,
To dance their wilder rounds about,
And cleave the air with many a shout,
As they would hunt poor Echo out
Of yonder valley, who doth flout
Their rustic noise. To visit whom
You shall behold whole bevies come
Of gaudy nymphs, whose tender calls
Well tuned unto the many falls
Of sweet and several sliding rills,
That streams from tops of those less hills,
Sound like so many silver quills,
When Zephyr them with music fills,
For them Favorius here shall blow
New flowers, that you shall see to grow,
Of which each hand a part shall take,
And, for your heads, fresh garlands make
Wherewith, whilst they your temples round,
An air of several birds shall sound
An Io Pæan, that shall drown
The acclamations at your crown.
All this, and more than I have gift of saying,
May vows, so you will oft come here a Maying,

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

After all we take leave of him, transcribing yet another exquisite song, and echoing our first words, "O rare Ben Jonson!"

FROM THE MASQUE OF "THE GIPSIES METAMORPHOSED."

To the old, long life and treasure;
To the young, all health and pleasure;
To the fair, their face
With eternal grace,
And the soul to be loved at leisure.

To the witty, all clear mirrors;
To the foolish, their dark errors;
To the loving sprite
A secure delight;
To the jealous his own false terrors.

V.

FASHIONABLE POETS.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

GRANDSON of two dukes, nursed in the very lap of fashion, and coming into life at the time of all others when wit and fancy, and the lighter graces of poetry, were most cordially welcomed by the higher circles—at a time when the star of Sheridan was still in the ascendant, and that of Moore just appearing on the horizon — William Spencer may be regarded as much the representative of a class, as John Clare, or Robert Burns. The style of his verse eminently airy, polished, and graceful, as well as his personal qualities, combined to render him the idol of that society which, by common consent, we are content to call the best. His varied accomplishments enlivened a country-house, his brilliant wit formed the delight of a dinner table; while his

singular charm of manner, and perhaps of character, gave a permanency to his social success by converting the admirers of an evening into friends for life. With all these genial triumphs, however, we cannot look over the little volume of graceful verse which is all that now remains of so splendid a reputation, without feeling that the author was born for better, higher, more enduring purposes; that the charming trifler, whose verses forty years ago every lady knew by heart, and which are now well nigh forgotten, ought not to have wasted his high endowments in wreathing garlands for festivals—ought not, above all, to have gone on from youth to age, leading the melancholy life which is all holiday.

Nevertheless we must accept these verses for such as they are, just as we admire unquestioning the wing of a butterfly, or the petal of a flower; and in their kind they are exquisite. Look at the fancy and the finish of these stanzas!

TO THE LADY ANNE HAMILTON.*

Too late I staid, forgive the crime,
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers!

* Very sweetly mated with one of the sweetest old Irish airs, "The Yellow Horse."

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks
That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings?

In the next extract there is an unexpected touch of sentiment mixed with its playfulness that is singularly captivating.

GOOD-BYE AND HOW-D'-YE-DO.

One day Good-bye met How-d'-ye-do,
Too close to shun saluting,
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing to disputing.

"Away," says How-d'-ye-do; "your mien
Appals my cheerful nature,
No name so sad as yours is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature.

"Whene'er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes o'er to shade it:
Where'er I plant one bosom flower,
Your mildew drops to fade it.

"Ere How-d'-ye-do has tuned each tongue
To Hope's delightful measure,

Good-bye in Friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure!

"From sorrows past my chemic skill
Draws smiles of consolation,
Whilst you from present joys distil
The tears of separation."

Good-bye replied, "Your statement's true,
And well your cause you've pleaded;
But pray who'd think of How-d'-ye-do,
Unless Good-bye preceded?

"Without my prior influence,
Could yours have ever flourish'd?
And can your hand one flower dispense,
But those my tears have nourish'd

"How oft if at the court of Love
Concealment be the fashion,
When How-d'-ye-do has failed to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion!

"How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
As every heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers!

"Go, bid the timid lover choose,
And I'll resign my charter,
If he for ten kind How-d'-ye-does
One kind Good-bye would barter!

"From love and friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence,
And they would both lose half their force,
Without our joint assistance. . .

"'Tis well the world our merit knows.
Since time, there's no denying,
One half in How-d'-ye-doing goes,
And t' other in Good-byeing!"

Nobody has told the tragedy of Beth-Gelert so well as Mr. Spencer, in his simple but elegant ballad. I do not know if many persons partake my feeling respecting these stories of which the animal world are the heroes, but to me they seem more touching than grander histories of men and women. Dumb creatures—to use that phrase of the common people, which makes in its two homely words so true an appeal to our protection and our pity—dumb creatures are in their love so faithful, so patient in their sufferings, so submissive under wrong, so powerless for remonstrance or for redress, that we take their part against the human brutes, their oppressors, as naturally and almost as vehemently as we do that of Philoctetes against Ulysses, or of Lear against Goneril. I am not sure that I do not carry my sympathy still farther. In the famous story of the Falcon, for instance, in Boccaccio, where a lover, ruined by the charges to which he puts himself in courting an ungrateful mistress, and owing

his very existence to the game struck down for him by a favourite hawk, kills the poor bird to furnish forth a dinner for the haughty beauty when she at last comes to visit him, I never could help thinking that the enamoured cavalier made a very bad exchange when he lost the falcon, and won the lady. His conscience must have pricked him all his life. He had not even, so far as we hear, the consolation, such as it is, of erecting a monument to the memory of his murdered favourite, on which, like Llewelyn, to "hang his horn and spear."

BETH-GELERT; OR, THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach and many a hound
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer:
"Come, Gelert, come, wer't never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear!

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
A lion in the chace?"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chace rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells,
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowden's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries.

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chace of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased Llewelyn homeward hied;
When near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore.
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gelert too;
And still where'er his eyes he cast
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my boy's by thee devoured!"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks as prone he fell
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed:
All glowing from his rosy sleep
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scar had he, nor harm, nor dread:
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear,
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe,
"Best of thy kind, Adieu!
The frantic blow that laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculptures decked,
And marbles storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved. ...

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And till great Snowden's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gelert's grave!"

"The Emigrant's Grave" always seemed to me eminently pathetic, and, above all, eminently true. There can hardly be a country neighbourhood in

England in which the recollection of some "poor exile of France," equally patient, equally cheerful, equally kind, may not still be found, softening national animosity, and if he were (as often chanced) of the priesthood, effacing the still deeper prejudice that teaches the followers of Luther to dread the members of the Church of Rome.

THE EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.

Why mourn ye? Why strew ye those flowerets around
On yon new-sodded grave, as ye slowly advance?
In yon new-sodded grave (ever dear be the ground!)
Lies the stranger we loved, the poor exile of France!

And is the poor exile at rest from his woe,
No longer the sport of misfortune and chance?
Mourn on, village mourners, my tears too shall flow,
For the stranger we loved, the poor exile of France!

Oh! kind was his nature, though bitter his fate,
And gay was his converse, though broken his heart;
No comfort, no hope, his own breast could elate,
Though comfort and hope he to all could impart.

Ever joyless himself, in the joys of the plain,
The foremost was he mirth and pleasure to raise;
How sad was his woe, yet how blithe was his strain,
When he sang the glad song of more fortunate days!

One pleasure he knew in his straw-cover'd shed,
The way-wearied traveller recruited to see;
One tear of delight he would drop o'er the bread
Which he shared with the poor,—the still poorer than he.

And when round his death-bed profusely we cast
Every gift, every solace our hamlet could bring,
He blest us with sighs which we thought were his last,
But he still breathed a prayer for his country and king.

Poor exile, adieu! undisturb'd be thy sleep!
From the feast, from the wake, from the village-green dance,
How oft shall we wander at moonlight to weep
O'er the stranger we loved, the poor exile of France!

To the church-bidden bride shall thy memory impart
One pang as her eyes on thy cold relics glance;
One flower from her garland, one tear from her heart,
Shall drop on the grave of the exile of France!

This is a country picture; in my own childhood I knew many of the numerous colony which took refuge in London from the horrors of the First French Revolution. The lady at whose school I was educated, and he was so much the more efficient partner that it was his school rather than hers, had married a Frenchman, who had been secretary to the Comte de Moustiers, one of the last ambassadors, if not the very last, from Louis Seize to the court of St. James's. Of course he knew many emigrants of the highest rank, and indeed of all ranks; and being a lively, kind-hearted man, with a liberal hand, and a social temper, it was his delight to assemble as many as he could of his poor countrymen and countrywomen around his hospitable

supper-table. Something wonderful and admirable it was to see how these Dukes and Duchesses, Marshals and Marquises, Chevaliers and Bishops, bore up under their unparalleled reverses! How they laughed; and talked, and squabbled, and flirted, constant to their high heels, their rouge, and their furbelows, to their old liaisons, their polished sarcasms, their cherished rivalries! They clung even to their *mariages de convenance;* and the very habits which would most have offended our English notions, if we had seen them in their splendid hôtels of the Faubourg St. Germain, won tolerance and pardon when mixed up with such unaffected constancy, and such cheerful resignation.

For the most part, these noble exiles had a trifling pecuniary dependency; some had brought with them jewels enough to sustain them in their simple lodgings in Knightsbridge or Pentonville; to some a faithful steward contrived to forward the produce of some estate too small to have been seized by the early plunderers; to others a rich English friend would claim the privilege of returning the kindness and hospitality of bygone years. But very many lived literally on the produce of their own industry, the gentlemen teaching languages, music, fencing, dancing, whilst their wives and daughters went out as teachers or governesses, or supplied the shops with those objects of taste in millinery or artificial flowers for which their country is unrivalled. No

one was ashamed of these exertions; no one was proud of them. So perfect and so honest was the simplicity with which they entered upon this new course of life, that they did not even seem conscious of its merit. The hope of better days carried them gaily along, and the present evil was lost in the sunshiny future.

Here and there, however, the distress was too real, too pressing to be forgotten; in such cases our good schoolmaster used to contrive all possible measures to assist and to relieve. One venerable couple I remember well. They bore one of the highest names of Brittany, and had possessed large estates, had lost their two sons, and were now in their old age, their sickness, and their helplessness, almost entirely dependent upon the labour of Mdlle. Rose, their grand-daughter. Rose, what a name for that pallid drooping creature, whose dark eyes looked too large for her face, whose bones seemed starting through her skin, and whose black hair contrasted even fearfully with the wan complexion from which every tinge of healthful colour had long flown! For some time these interesting persons regularly attended our worthy governess's supper parties, the objects of universal affection and respect. Each seemed to come for the sake of the other; Mademoiselle, always bringing with her some ingenious straw-plaiting to make into the fancy bonnets which were then in vogue, rarely

raised her head from her work, or allowed herself time to make a hasty meal. It was sad to think how ceaseless must be the industry by which that fair and fragile creature could support the helpless couple who were cast upon her duty and her affection! At last they ceased to appear at the Wednesday parties, and very soon after (Oh! it is the poor that help the poor!) we heard that the good Abbé Calonne (brother to the well-known minister) had undertaken for a moderate stipend the charge of the venerable Count and Countess, while Mdlle. Rose, with her straw-plaiting, took up her abode in our school-room, working as indefatigably through our verbs and over our exercises as she had before done through the rattle of the tric-trac table and the ceaseless clatter of French talk.

Now this school of ours was no worse than other schools; indeed it was reckoned among the best conducted, but some way or other the foul weed called exclusiveness had sprung up amongst the half-dozen great girls who, fifty years ago, "gave our little senate laws," to a point that threatened to choke and destroy every plant of a more wholesome influence. Doubtless, long, long ago the world and the world's trials, prosperity with the weariness and the bitterness it brings, adversity with the joys it takes away, have tamed those proud hearts! But, at the time of which I speak, no committee of Countesses deciding upon petitions

for vouchers for a subscription ball; no Chapter of noble canonesses examining into the sixteen quarters required for their candidate; could by possibility inquire more seriously into the nice questions of station, position, and alliance than the unfledged younglings who constituted our first class. They were merely gentlemen's daughters, and had no earthly right to give themselves airs; but I suspect that we may sometimes see in elder gentlewomen the same disproportion, and that those who might, from birth, fortune, and position assume such a right, will be the very last to exert their privilege. Luckily for me I was a little girl, protected by my youth and insignificance from the danger of a contagion which it requires a good deal of moral courage to resist. I remember wondering how Mdlle. Rose, with her incessant industry, her open desire to sell her bonnets; and her shabby cotton gown, would escape from our censors. Happily she was spared, avowedly because her birth was noble—perhaps because, with all their vulgar denunciations of vulgarity, their fineries, and their vanities, the young girls were better than they knew, and respected in their hearts the very humility which they denounced.

If, however, there were something about the fair Frenchwoman that held in awe the spirit of girlish impertinence, chance soon bestowed upon them, in the shape of a new pupil, an object which called

forth all their worst qualities, without stint and without impediment.

The poor child who was destined to become their victim, was a short squat figure, somewhere about nine or ten years of age; awkward in her carriage, plain in her features, ill-dressed and over-dressed. She happened to arrive at the same time with the French dancing-master, a Marquis of the *ancien régime*, of whom I am sorry to say, that he seemed so at home in his Terpsichorean vocation, that one could hardly fancy him fit for any other. (Were not *les Marquis* of the old French comedy very much like dancing-masters? I am sure Molière thought so.) At the same time with the French dancing-master did our new fellow-pupil arrive, led into the room by her father; he did not stay five minutes, but that time was long enough to strike Monsieur with a horror, evinced by a series of shrugs which soon rendered the dislike reciprocal. I never saw such a contrast between two men. The Frenchman was slim, and long, and pale; and allowing always for the dancing-master air, which in my secret soul I thought never could be allowed for, he might be called elegant. The Englishman was the beau ideal of a John Bull, portentous in size, broad, and red of visage; loud of tongue, and heavy in step; he shook the room as he strode, and made the walls echo when he spoke. I rather liked the man, there was so much character about him, and in spite of the

coarseness, so much that was bold and hearty. Monsieur shrugged to be sure, but he seemed likely to run away, especially when the stranger's first words conveyed an injunction to the lady of the house, "to take care that no grinning Frenchman had the ordering of his Betsy's feet. If she must learn to dance, let her be taught by an honest Englishman." After which declaration, kissing the little girl very tenderly, the astounding papa took his departure.

Poor Betsy! there she sate, the tears trickling down her cheeks, little comforted by the kind notice of the governess and the English teacher, and apparently insensible to the silent scorn of her new companions. For my own part, I entertained towards her much of that pity which results from recent experience of the same sort of distress,—

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

I was a little girl myself, abundantly shy and awkward, and I had not forgotten the heart-tug of leaving home, and the terrible loneliness of the first day at school. Moreover, I suspected that in one respect she was much more an object of compassion than myself; I believed her to be motherless: so when I thought nobody was looking or listening, I made some girlish advances towards acquaintanceship, which she was still too shy or too miserable to

return, so that, easily repelled myself, as a bashful child is, our intercourse came to nothing. With my elders and betters, the *cancan*, who ruled the school, Betsy stood if possible lower than ever. They had had the satisfaction to discover not only that he lived in the Borough, but that her father (horror of horrors!) was an eminent cheesefactor!—a seller of Stilton! That he was very rich, and had a brother an alderman, rather made matters worse. Poor Betsy only escaped being sent to Coventry by the lucky circumstance of her going that metaphorical journey of her own accord, and never under any temptation speaking to anybody one unnecessary word.

As far as her lessons went she was, from the false indulgence with which she had been treated, very backward for her age. Our school was, however, really excellent as a place of instruction; so no studies were forced upon her, and she was left to get acquainted with the house and its ways, and to fall into the ranks as she could.

For the present she seemed to have attached herself to Mdlle. Rose, attracted probably by the sweetness of her countenance, her sadness, and her silence. Her speech could not have attracted Betsy, for in common with many of her exiled countryfolk, she had not in nearly ten years' residence in England learned to speak five English words. But

something had won her affection. She had on first being called by the governess, from the dark corner in which she had ensconced herself, crept to the side of the young Frenchwoman, had watched her as she wove her straw plaits, had attempted the simple art with some discarded straws that lay scattered upon the floor; and when Mademoiselle, so far roused herself as to show her the proper way, and to furnish her with the material, she soon became a most efficient assistant in this branch of industry.

No intercourse took place between them. Indeed, as I have said, none was possible, since neither knew a word of the other's language. Betsy was silence personified; and poor Mdlle. Rose, always pensive and reserved, was now more than ever dejected and oppressed. An opportunity of returning to France had opened to her, and was passing away. She herself was too young to be included in the list of emigrants, and interest had been made with the French Consul for the re-admission of her venerable parents, and perhaps for the ultimate recovery of some property still unsold. But her grandfather was so aged, and her grandmother so sickly, that the expenses of a voyage and a journey, then very formidable to the old and the infirm, were beyond her means, beyond even her hopes. So she sighed over her straw-plaiting, and submitted.

In the meantime the second Saturday arrived, and with it a summons home to Betsy, who, for the first time gathering courage to address our good governess, asked "if she might be trusted with the bonnet Mdlle. Rose had just finished, to show her aunt—she knew she would like to buy that bonnet, because Mademoiselle had been so good as to let her assist in plaiting it." How she came to know that they were for sale nobody could tell; but our kind governess ordered the bonnet to be put into the carriage, told her the price—(no extravagant one!)—called her a good child, and took leave of her till Monday.

Two hours after Betsy and her father re-appeared in the school-room. "Ma'amselle," said he, bawling as loud as he could, with the view, as we afterwards conjectured, of making her understand him,—"Ma'amselle, I've no great love for the French, whom I take to be our natural enemies. But you're a good young woman; you've been kind to my Betsy, and have taught her how to make your fallals; and moreover you're a good daughter; and so's my Betsy. She says that she thinks you're fretting, because you can't manage to take your grandfather and grandmother back to France again; —so as you let her help you in that other handy-work, why you must let her help you in this." Then throwing a heavy purse into her lap, catching

his little daughter up in his arms, and hugging her to the honest breast where she hid her tears and her blushes, he departed, leaving poor Mdlle. Rose too much bewildered to speak, or to comprehend the happiness that had fallen upon her, and the whole school the better for the lesson.

VI.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DRAMATIC AUTHORS.

COLLEY CIBBER—RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

Of all literary fascinations there is none like that of the Drama, written or acted. None that begins so early, or that lasts so long.

With regard to actors, it is a sort of possession by evil spirits. Boys and girls from the school-room, and the counting-house, the shop-board, or the college, rush upon the stage, forsaking home and comfort, and the thousand realities of life, in chase of the phantom, Fame. And in authorship, the passion, although not perhaps so common, is hardly less engrossing, or less destructive. The "Honeymoon," one of the most delightful of modern comedies, was the seventh play presented by poor Tobin to different managers. He died, I believe, the very same night that it was performed

with unrivalled success, certainly before the intelligence of its triumph could reach him. Gerald Griffin was even less fortunate. "Gisippus" was rejected on all hands, and only produced after his death, and after the destruction of his other tragedies, to secure for its author a posthumous reputation. Many, no doubt, more unfortunate still, have died and left no name; and many may still exist, dragging after them a weary weight of hope deferred, and genius unrecognised.

I have some right to talk of the love of the drama, the passionate, absorbing, worshipping love since it took possession of me at the earliest age, and clung to me long. Nay, I am not even now absolutely sure, that if the Cruvellis and the Viardots would but say, instead of sing; if we might but see in tragedy the dramatic power lavished upon opera, I might not be simple enough to take up once more my old enthusiasm, and haunt the theatres at sixty-five! Luckily, the age is a musical age, and there is small danger that any Queen of Song should exchange her notes for words—especially in a country where the notes of a prima donna are synonymous with bank notes.

The first play I remember to have seen was in a barn—tragedy of course—the tragedy dear to heroes of the buskin, and no less dear to their youthful auditors, "Richard the Third." Ah! I should have asked nothing better than to see Richard mur-

dered in that barn every night! Then came other play-goings more legitimate; and readings of Shakespeare by bits, and here and there, I scarcely know how or when. For it may be reckoned amongst the best and dearest of our English privileges, that we are all more or less educated in Shakespeare; that the words and thoughts of the greatest of poets are, as it were, engrafted into our minds, and must, to a certain extent, enrich and fructify the most barren stock. Shakespeare came to me I cannot tell how. But my first great fit of dramatic reading was, I am ashamed to say, of very questionable origin; a stolen pleasure; and therefore—alas! for our poor sinful human nature!—therefore by very far more dear.

This is the story.

My childhood was, as I have elsewhere said, a very happy one; scarcely less happy in the great London school where I past the five years between ten years old and fifteen, than at home: to tell the truth, I was well nigh as much spoilt in one place as in the other; but as I was a quiet and orderly little girl, and fell easily into the rules of the house, there was no great harm done, either to me or to the school discipline.

One exception, however, did exist, both to my felicity and to my obedience, and that one might be comprised in the single word—Music.

How my father, who certainly never knew the tune

of "God save the King" from that of the other national air "Rule Britannia," came to take into his head so strong a fancy to make me an accomplished musician, I could never rightly understand, but that such a fancy did possess him I found to my sorrow! From the day I was five years old, he stuck me up to the piano, and although teacher after teacher had discovered that I had neither ear, nor taste, nor application, he continued fully bent upon my learning it. By the time my London education commenced, it had assumed the form of a fixed idea.

The regular master employed in the school was Mr. Hook (father of Theodore), then a popular composer of Vauxhall songs, and an instructor of average ability. A large smooth-faced man he was, good-natured, and civil spoken; but failing, as in my case everybody else had failed, to produce the slightest improvement, my father, not much struck by his appearance or manner, decided as usual that the fault lay with the teacher; and happening one day to fall in with a very clever little German Professor, who was giving lessons to two of my schoolfellows, he at once took me from the tuition of Mr. Hook, and placed me under that of Herr Schuberl, who, an impatient, irritable man of genius, very speedily avenged the cause of his rival music-master, by dismissing in her turn the unlucky pupil.

Things being in this unpromising state, I began

to entertain some hope that my musical education would be given up altogether. In this expectation I did injustice to my father's pertinacity. This time he threw the blame upon the instrument; and because I could make nothing after eight years' thumping upon the piano-forte, resolved that I should become a great performer upon the harp.

It so happened that our school-house (the same by the way, in which poor Miss Landon passed the greater part of her life,) forming one angle of an irregular octagon place, was so built that the principal reception room was connected with the entrance-hall by a long passage and two double doors. This room, fitted up with nicely bound books, contained, amongst other musical instruments, the harp, upon which I was sent to practise every morning; sent alone, most comfortably out of sight and hearing of every individual in the house, the only means of approach being through two resounding green baize doors, swinging to with a heavy bang, the moment they were let go; so that as the change from piano to harp, and from the impulsive Herr Schuberl to the prim, demure little Miss Essex, my new music-mistress, had by no means worked the miracle of producing in me any love of that detestable art, I very shortly betook myself to the bookshelves, and seeing a row of octavo volumes lettered "Théâtre de Voltaire," I selected one of them, and had deposited it in front of the music-stand, and

perched myself upon the stool to read it in less time than an ordinary pupil would have consumed in getting through the first three bars of "Ar Hyd y Nos."

The play upon which I opened was "Zaïre." "Zaïre" is not "Richard the Third," any more than M. de Voltaire is Shakespeare; nevertheless, the play has its merits. There is a certain romance in the situation; an interest in the story; a mixture of Christian piety and Oriental fervour, which strikes the imagination. So I got through "Zaïre," and when I had finished "Zaïre," I proceeded to other plays—"Œdipe," "Mérope," "Alzire," "Mahomet," plays well worth reading, but not so absorbing as to prevent my giving due attention to the warning doors, and putting the book in its place, and striking the chords of "Ar Hyd y Nos," as often as I heard a step approaching; or gathering up myself and my music, and walking quietly back to the school-room as soon as the hour for practice had expired.

But when the dramas of Voltaire were exhausted, and I had recourse to some neighbouring volumes, the state of matters changed at once. The new volumes contained the comedies of Molière, and, once plunged into the gay realities of his delightful world, all the miseries of this globe of ours—harp, music-books, practisings, and lessons—were forgotten; Miss Essex melted into thin air, "Ar Hyd

y Nos" became a nonentity. I never recollected that there was such a thing as time: I never heard the warning doors; the only tribulations that troubled me were the tribulations of "Sganarelle;" the only lessons I thought about—the lessons of the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." So I was caught; caught in the very fact of laughing till I cried, over the apostrophes of the angry father to the galley, in which he is told his son has been taken captive. "Que diable alloit-il faire dans cette galère!" The apostrophe comes true with regard to somebody in a scrape during every moment of every day, and was never more applicable than to myself at that instant.

Luckily, however, the person who discovered my delinquency was one of my chief spoilers, the husband of our good school-mistress, himself a Frenchman, an adorer of the great dramatist of France, and no worshipper of music. He was also a very clever man, with a strong and just conviction that no proficiency in any art could be gained without natural qualifications and sincere good will. Accordingly, when he could speak for laughing, what he said sounded far more like a compliment upon my relish for the comic drama than a rebuke. I suppose that he spoke to the same effect to my father. At all events, the issue of the affair was the dismissal of the poor little harp-mistress, and a present of a cheap edition of Molière for my own reading. I

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have got the set still—twelve little foreign-looking books, unbound, but covered with a gay-looking pink paper, mottled with red, like certain carnations.

Such was my first regular, or rather irregular, introduction to the delightful world of the written drama. Since then I have read in the originals, or in such translations as I could lay my hands upon, the plays of almost every country, from the grand tragedy of the Greeks (perhaps, next to Shakespeare and Molière, the finest drama that exists), down to Claudie, the charming French pastoral, which fell in my way last month.

Besides the plays themselves, the history of their writers has always had for me a singular attraction, especially when such histories have been written by themselves.

Colley Cibber, one of the earliest of these dramatic autobiographers, is also one of the most pleasing. He flourished in wig and embroidery, player, poet, and manager, during the Augustan age of Queen Anne, somewhat earlier and somewhat later. A most egregious fop according to all accounts he was, but a very pleasant one notwithstanding, as your fop of parts is apt to be. Pope gained but little in the warfare he waged with him, for this plain reason, that the great poet accuses his adversary of dulness, which was not by any means one of his sins, instead of selecting one of the numerous faults, such as

pertness, petulance, and presumption, of which he was really guilty.

His best book, the "Apology for his Life," shows that he was a keen observer and a pleasant describer of his brother actors. My first extract is taken from a higher stage, and is one of the many graphic touches that give us so complete and personal a knowledge of the Merry Monarch, and make us almost partakers of the kindness which (unjustly, I suppose) was felt towards him by his subjects.

"In February, 1684-5, died King Charles II., who being the only king I had ever seen, I remember, young as I was, his death made a strong impression upon me, as it drew tears from the eyes of multitudes who looked no farther into him than I did. But what, perhaps, gave King Charles this peculiar possession of so many hearts was his affable and easy manner in conversing, which is a quality that goes farther with the greater part of mankind than many higher virtues which in a prince might more immediately regard the public prosperity. Even his indolent amusement of playing with his dogs, and feeding his ducks in St. James's Park (which I have seen him do), made the common people adore him."

The allusion in the next passage is probably to Titus Oates:

"The inferior actors took occasion, whenever they appeared as bravoes or murderers, to make them-

selves appear as frightful and inhuman figures as possible. In King Charles's time, this low skill was carried to such an extravagance, that the King himself, who was black-browed and of a swarthy complexion, passed a pleasant remark upon his observing the grim looks of the murderers in 'Macbeth,' when turning to his people in the box about him, 'Pray what is the meaning,' said he, 'that we never see a rogue in a play, but odds fish! they always clap him on a black periwig, when it is well known one of the greatest rogues in England always wears a fair one?'"

Here are some vivid portraits of actors.

"This actor (Sandford) in his manner of speaking varied very much from those I have already mentioned. His voice had an acute and piercing tone, which struck every syllable of his words distinctly upon the ear. He had likewise a peculiar skill in his way of marking out to an audience whatever he judged worth their more than ordinary notice. When he delivered a command, he would sometimes give it more force by seeming to slight the ornament of harmony. * * * Had Sandford lived in Shakespeare's time, I am confident his judgment would have chosen him above all other actors to have played his Richard III. I leave his person out of the question, which though naturally made for it, yet that would have been the least part of his recommendation. Sandford had stronger claims

to it. He had sometimes an uncouth stateliness in his motion, a harsh and sullen pride of speech, a meditating brow, a stern aspect, occasionally changing into an almost ludicrous triumph over all goodness and virtue; from thence falling into the most persuasive gentleness and soothing candour of a designing heart. These, I say, must have preferred him to it."

* * *

"Nokes was an actor of a quite different genius from any I have ever read, heard of, or seen, since or before his time; and yet his general excellence may be comprehended in one article, viz., a plain and palpable simplicity of nature, which was so utterly his own, that he was often as unaccountably diverting in his common speech as on the stage. I saw him once giving an account of some table-talk to another actor behind the scenes, which a man of quality accidentally listening to, was so deceived by his manner, that he asked him if that was a new play he was rehearsing. * * * He scarce ever made his first entry in a play but he was received with an involuntary applause, not of hands only, but by a general laughter, which the sight of him provoked and nature could not resist; yet the louder the laugh, the graver was his look upon it: and even the ridiculous solemnity of his features was enough to have set a whole bench of bishops

into a titter, could he have been honoured with such grave and right reverend auditors. In the ludicrous distresses which by the law of comedy folly is often involved in, he sunk into such a mixture of piteous pusillanimity and a consternation so ruefully ridiculous and inconsolable, that when he had shook you to a fatigue of laughter it became a moot point whether you ought not to have pitied him. When he debated any matter by himself, he would shut up his mouth with a dumb, studious pout, and roll his full eye into such a vacant amazement, such a palpable ignorance of what to think of it, that his silent perplexity gave your imagination as full content as the most absurd thing he could say upon it. * * * His person was of the middle size; his voice clear and audible; his natural countenance grave and sober. In some of his low characters that became it he had a shuffling shamble in his gait, with so contented an ignorance in his aspect, and such an awkward absurdity in his gesture, that had you not known him, you could not believe that naturally he had a grain of common sense."

Nature sometimes reproduces itself. There is much in this description to remind us of the late Mr. Liston. The following observations upon the great tragedian Betterton's personation of Hamlet are in the best style of dramatic criticism:

"You may have seen a Hamlet, perhaps, who on

the first appearance of his father's spirit has thrown himself into all the straining vociferation requisite to express rage and fury; and the house has thundered applause, though the misguided actor was all the while tearing a passion into rags. The late Mr. Addison, whilst I sate by him to see this scene acted, made the same observation, asking me with some surprise if I thought Hamlet should be in so violent a passion with the ghost, which, though it might have astonished, had not provoked him. For you may observe that in this beautiful speech the passion never rises beyond an almost breathless astonishment, or an impatience limited only by filial reverence to inquire into the suspected wrongs that may have raised him from his peaceful tomb, and a desire to know what a spirit so seemingly distressed might wish or enjoin a sorrowful son to execute towards his future quiet in the grave. This was the light into which Betterton threw this scene, which he opened with a pause of mute amazement; then rising slowly to a solemn, trembling voice, he made the ghost equally terrible to the spectator as to himself; and in the descriptive part of the natural emotions which the ghostly vision gave him, the boldness of his expostulation was still governed by decency—manly, but not braving—his voice never rising into that seeming outrage or wild defiance of what he naturally revered."

The book is full of pictures like this:

"In the solemn formality of Obadiah in "The Committee," he (Underhill) seemed the immoveable log he stood for; a countenance of wood could not be more fixed than his when the blockhead of a character required it. His face was full and long; from his crown to the end of his nose, was the shorter half of it; so that the disproportion of his lower features, when soberly composed with an unwandering eye hanging over them, threw him into the most lumpish, moping mortal that ever made beholders merry."

Little bits of truth like this are also plentiful:

"From whence I would observe, that the short life of beauty is not long enough to form a complete actress."

Colley Cibber survived to his eighty-seventh year, retaining to the last the companionable qualities which had made his society coveted by persons of all ranks, and dying at last without decay and without pain.

Richard Cumberland is another vivacious specimen of dramatic authorship—more vivacious in his "Life" (I mean his printed life) than on the stage. Son of a popular and amiable bishop, grandson of the very learned but unpopular and unamiable scholar, Dr. Bentley, he competed successfully at Cambridge for the honours of the University, took a high degree, obtained a Fellowship of Trinity, and might, probably, have attained to his grand-

father's station as head of that eminent College, had he not been tempted by Lord Halifax to accept the post of his private secretary, a career for which the eminently irritable and susceptible temper, which Sheridan has devoted to a cruel immortality in his Sir Fretful Plagiary, rendered him eminently unfit.

It was, however, a very good position for seeing the world, and becoming acquainted with men of high name and various character.

This is his first impression of Garrick as an actor. The play was "The Fair Penitent."

"Quin presented himself, upon the rising of the curtain, in a green velvet coat, embroidered down the seams, an enormous full-bottomed periwig, rolled stockings, and high-heeled, square-toed shoes; with very little variation of cadence, and in a deep, full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action, which had more of the senate than the stage in it, he rolled out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference that seemed to disdain the plaudits that were showered upon him—Mrs. Cibber, in a key high pitched, but sweet withal, sang, or rather recitatived, Rowe's harmonious strain. But when, after long and eager expectation, I first beheld little Garrick, then young and light, and alive in every muscle and in every feature, come bounding on the stage, and pointing at the wittol Altamont and the heavy-paced Horatio (Heavens, what a transition!) it seemed as if a whole century had been

swept over in the space of a single scene; old things were done away and a new order at once brought forward bright and luminous, and clearly destined to dispel the barbarisms and bigotry of a tasteless age, too long attached to the prejudices of custom, and superstitiously devoted to the illusions of imposing declamation."

His first introduction to official life was little to his taste.

"The morning after my arrival, I waited on Mr. Pownall at his office in Whitehall, and was received by him with all possible politeness, but in a style of such ceremony and form as I was little used to, and not much delighted with. How many young men at my time of life would have embraced this situation with rapture. The whole town indeed was before me, but it had not for me either friend or relation to whom I could resort for comfort or for counsel. With a head filled with Greek and Latin, and a heart left behind me in my college, I was completely out of my element. I saw myself unlike the people about me, and was embarrassed in circles, which, according to the manners of those days, were not to be approached without a set of ceremonies and manœuvres not very pleasant to perform, and when awkwardly performed not very edifying to behold. In these graces Lord Halifax was a model; his address was noble and imposing; he could never be mistaken for less than he was, whilst his official

secretary, Pownall, who egregiously overacted his imitations of him, could as little be mistaken for more than he was."

One of his happiest characters is that of Bubb Dodington.

"His town house in Pall Mall, his villa at Hammersmith, and his mansion in the country, were such establishments as few nobles in the nation were possessed of. In either of these he was not to be approached but through a suite of apartments, and rarely seated but under painted ceilings and gilt entablatures. In his villa you were conducted through two rows of antique statues, ranged in a gallery floored with the rarest marbles, and enriched with columns of granite and lapis-lazuli; his saloon was hung with the finest Gobelin tapestry, and he slept in a bed encanopied with peacocks' feathers, in the style of Mrs. Montagu. When he passed from Pall Mall to La Trappe, it was always in a coach, which I could suspect had been his ambassadorial equipage at Madrid, drawn by six fat, unwieldy black horses, short docked, and of colossal dignity. Neither was he less characteristic in apparel than in equipage. He had a wardrobe loaded with rich and glaring suits, each in itself a load to the wearer; and of these I have no doubt but many were coeval with his embassy above mentioned, and every birth-day had added to the stock. In doing this he contrived as never to

put his old dresses out of countenance by any variation in the fashion of the new. In the meantime his bulk and corpulence gave full display to a vast expanse and profusion of brocade and embroidery; and this, when set off with an enormous tie, periwig and deep laced ruffles, gave the picture of an ancient courtier in his gala habit, or Quin in his stage dress. Nevertheless it must be confessed this style, though out of date, was not out of character, but harmonized so well with the person of the wearer, that I remember, when he made his first speech in the House of Peers as Lord Melcombe, all the flashes of his wit, all the studied phrases and well-timed periods of his rhetoric lost their effect, simply because the orator had laid aside his magisterial tie, and put on a modern bag wig, which was as much out of costume upon the broad expanse of his shoulders as a cue would have been upon the robes of the Lord Chief Justice.

"Having thus dilated more, perhaps, than I should have done upon this distinguished person's passion for magnificence and display, when I proceed to inquire into those principles of good taste which should naturally have been the accompaniments and directors of that magnificence, I fear I must be compelled by truth to admit that in these he was deficient. Of pictures he seemed to take his estimate only by their cost: in fact, he was not possessed of any; but I recollect his saying to

me one day in his great saloon at Eastbury, that if he had half a score pictures of a thousand pounds a-piece, he would gladly decorate his walls with them; in place of which, I am sorry to say, he had stuck up immense patches of gilt leather, shaped into bugle-horns, upon hangings of rich crimson velvet; and round his state bed he displayed a carpeting of gold and silver embroidery, which too glaringly betrayed its derivation from coat, waistcoat and breeches, by the testimony of pockets. button-holes and loops, with other equally incontrovertible witnesses subpœnaed from the tailor's shopboard."

Lord Halifax is sent as Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland, to which we owe the following portrait of a great celebrity of Dublin.

"I had more than once the amusement of dining at the house of that most singular being, George Faulkner, where I found myself in a company so miscellaneously and whimsically classed, that it looked more like a fortuitous concourse of oddities jumbled together from all ranks, orders and descriptions, than the effect of invitation and design. Description must fall short in the attempt to convey any sketch of that eccentric being to those who have not read him in the pages of Jephson, or seen him in the mimicry of Foote, who, in his portraits of Faulkner, found the only sitter whom his extravagant pencil could not caricature;

for he had a solemn intrepidity of egotism and a daring contempt of absurdity that fairly outfaced imitation, and like Garrick's 'Ode on Shakespeare,' which Johnson said defied criticism, so did George, in the original spirit of his own perfect buffoonery, defy caricature. He never deigned to join in the laugh that he had raised, nor seemed to have a feeling of the ridicule he had provoked. At the same time that he was pre-eminently and by preference the butt and buffoon of the company, he could find openings for hits of retaliation which were such left-handed thrusts as few could parry. Nobody could foresee where they would fall, nobody, of course, was fore-armed; and as there was in his calculation but one super-eminent character in the kingdom of Ireland, and he, the printer of the 'Dublin Journal,' there was no shield against George's arrows, which flew where he listed and hit or missed as chance directed, he cared not about consequences.

"He gave good meat and excellent claret in abundance; I sate at his table once from dinner till two in the morning, while George swallowed immense potations with one solitary sodden strawberry in the bottom of the glass, which he said was recommended to him for its cooling properties. He never lost his recollection or equilibrium the whole time, and was in excellent foolery; it was a singular coincidence, that there was a person in company

who had received his reprieve at the gallows, and the very judge who had passed sentence of death upon him. This did not in the least disturb the harmony of the society nor embarrass any human creature present. All went off perfectly smooth, and George, adverting to an original portrait of Dean Swift, which hung in the room, told us abundance of excellent and interesting anecdotes of the Dean and himself with minute precision and an importance irresistibly ludicrous. There was also a portrait of his late lady, Mrs. Faulkner, which either made the painter or George a liar, for it was frightfully ugly, whilst he swore she was the most divine object in creation. George prosecuted Foote for lampooning him on the stage of Dublin. His counsel, the Prime Sergeant, compared him to Socrates, and his libeller to Aristophanes. This, I believe, was all that George got by his course of law, but he was told he had the best of the bargain in the comparison, and sate contented under the shadow of his laurels."

The account of Soame Jenyns is no less happy.

"A disagreement about a name or a date will mar the best story that ever was put together. Sir Joshua Reynolds luckily would not hear an interrupter of this sort; Johnson would not hear, or if he heard, would not heed him. Soame Jenyns heard him, heeded him, set him right, and took up his tale where he had left it without any diminution

of its humour, adding only a few more twists to his snuff-box, a few more taps upon the lid of it, with a preparatory grunt or two, the invariable forerunner of the amenity that was at the heels of them. He was the man who bore his part in all societies with the most even temper and undisturbed hilarity of any man I ever knew. He came into your house at the very moment you had put upon your card; he dressed himself, to do your party honour, in all the colours of the jay; his lace, indeed, had long since lost its lustre, but his coat had faithfully retained its cut since the day when gentlemen wore embroidered figured velvets, with short sleeves, high cuffs, and buckram skirts. As Nature had cast him in the exact mould of an ill-made pair of stiff stays, he followed her so close in the fashion of his coat, that it was doubted if he did not wear them; because he had a protuberant wen just under his poll, he wore a wig that did not cover above half his head. His eyes were protruded like the eyes of the lobster, who wears them at the end of his feelers, and yet there was room between one of these and his nose for another wen, that added nothing to his beauty. Yet I heard this good man very innocently remark, when Gibbon published his history, that he wondered anybody so ugly could write a book.

"Such was the exterior of a man who was the charm of the circle, and gave a zest to every company he came into. His pleasantry was of a sort

peculiar to himself; it harmonized with everything; it was like the bread to your dinner; you did not perhaps make it the whole or principal part of your meal, but it was an admirable and wholesome auxiliary to your other viands. Soame Jenyns told you no long stories, engrossed not much of your attention, and was not angry with those who did. His thoughts were original, and were apt to have a very whimsical affinity to the paradox in them. There was a terseness in his repartees that had a play of words as well as of thought, as when speaking of the difference of laying out money upon land, or purchasing into the funds, he said 'One was principal without interest, and the other interest without principal.' "

Although the serious part of "The Wheel of Fortune," that is to say, the whole character of Penruddock is admirably conceived and admirably written, (the recollection of John Kemble in that play can never be erased). Mr. Cumberland's power seemed to desert him whenever he attempted tragedy or verse of any sort. His lines on "Affectation," which have great merit, form the only exception that I remember to this assertion; certainly his epic of "Calvary" does not; neither does his share in the "Richard Cœur de Lion," of Sir James Bland Burgess.

AFFECTATION.

Why, Affectation, why this mock grimace?
Go, silly thing, and hide that simpering face!
Thy lisping prattle, and thy mincing gait,
All thy false mimic fooleries I hate;
For those art Folly's counterfeit, and she
Who is right foolish, hath the better plea:
Nature's true idiot I prefer to thee.

Why that soft languish? Why that drawling tone?
Art sick? art sleepy?—Get thee hence: begone!
I laugh at all those pretty baby tears,
Those flutterings, faintings, and unreal fears.

Can they deceive us? Can such mummeries move,
Touch us with pity, or inspire with love?
No, Affectation, vain is all thy art,
Those eyes may wander over every part,
They'll never find their passage to the heart.

A great part of Mr. Cumberland's amusing work is taken up by an account of his disastrous mission in Spain, which, undefined in its object, and unsuccessful in its result, brought nothing but disappointment to the Government or the negotiator. After his return from Madrid, he fell back upon literature, and closed a long and varied life in an advanced age at Tunbridge Wells.

VII.

FEMALE POETS.

MRS. CLIVE—MRS. ACTON TINDAL—MISS DAY—
MRS. ROBERT DERING.

THERE never was a more remarkable contrast between the temperament of the poetess and the temperament of the woman, than that which exists between the thoughtful gravity, the almost gloomy melancholy that characterise the writings of that celebrated initial letter, the "V." of "Blackwood's Magazine," and the charming, cheerful, light-hearted lady, known as Mrs. Clive. This discrepancy has been acknowledged before now to exist between the tastes and the tempers of nations. The French in their old day, before this last revolution, perhaps before any of their revolutions, the French of our old traditions and our old travellers, the Sternes and the Goldsmiths,

with their Watteau pageantries, their dances in the open air, and their patient love of the deepest and most unmingled tragedy, afforded a notable instance of this contrast. But that which is observable in Mrs. Clive's case, is still more striking. I have never known any creature half so cheerful. Happy sister, happy mother, happy wife, she even bears the burden of a large fortune and a great house without the slightest diminution of the delightful animal spirits, which always seem to me to be of her many gifts the choicest. Moreover, enjoyment seems to be her mode of thankfulness; as, not content with being happy herself, she has a trick of making everybody happy that comes near her. I do not know how she contrives it, but such is the effect. There is no resisting the contagious laughter of those dancing eyes.

As, however, everybody that thinks deeply, as she does, must have some moments of sadness, she is content to put them into her writings; sometimes in prose, for her "Story of the Great Drought" has an intensity of tragic power, a realization of impossible horrors, such as gave their fascination to the best works of Godwin; sometimes in verse, where the depth of thought and fearless originality of treatment, frequently redeem the commonest subject from anything like commonplace. Here is an example:

THE GRAVE.

I stood within the grave's o'ershadowing vault;
Gloomy and damp, it stretched its vast domain;
Shades were its boundary; for my strained eye sought
For other limits to its width in vain.

Faint from the entrance came a daylight ray,
And distant sound of living men and things;
This, in the encountering darkness passed away,
That, took the tone in which a mourner sings.

I lit a torch at a sepulchral lamp,
Which shot a thread of light amid the gloom;
And feebly burning 'gainst the rolling damp,
I bore it through the regions of the tomb.

Around me stretched the slumbers of the dead,
Whereof the silence ached upon mine ear;
More and more noiseless did I note my tread,
And yet its echoes chilled my heart with fear.

The former men of every age and place,
From all their wanderings, gathered round me lay:
The dust of withered empires did I trace,
And stood 'mid generations passed away,

I saw whole cities, that in flood or fire,
Or famine, or the plague, gave up their breath;
Whole armies, whom a day beheld expire,
Swept by ten thousands to the arms of death.

I saw the Old World's white and wave-swept bones,
A giant heap of creatures that had been;
Far and confused the broken skeletons
Lay strewn beyond mine eyes' remotest ken.

Death's various shrines—the urn, the stone, the lamp—
Were scattered round confused amid the dead;
Symbols and types were mouldering in the damp,
Their shapes were wanting and their meaning fled.

Unspoken tongues, perchance in praise or woe,
Were chronicled on tablets Time had swept;
And deep were half their letters hid below
The thick, small dust of those they once had wept.

No hand was here to wipe the dust away;
No reader of the writing traced beneath;
No spirit sitting by its form of clay;
No sigh nor sound from all the heaps of death.

One place alone had ceased to hold its prey;
A form had pressed it and was there no more;
The garments of the grave beside it lay,
Where once they wrapped HIM on the rocky floor.

HE only with returning footsteps broke
The eternal calm with which the tomb was bound;
Among the sleeping dead alone HE woke
And blessed with outstretched hands the host around.

Well is it that such blessing hovers here,
To soothe each sad survivor of the throng
Who haunt the portals of the solemn sphere,
And pour their woe the loaded air along.

They to the verge have followed what they love,
And on the insuperable threshold stand;
With cherished names its speechless calm reprove,
And stretch in the abyss their ungrasped hand.

But vainly there they seek their soul's relief,
And of the obdurate Grave its prey implore;
Till Death himself shall medicine their grief,
Closing their eyes by those they met before.

All that have died, the earth's whole race, repose
Where Death collects his treasures, heap on heap;
O'er each one's busy day the nightshades close;
Its actors, sufferers, schools, kings, armies—sleep.

It would be difficult to frame a better wish for the writer and the woman, than that both may remain unchanged—that the shadow may still cast its deep and thoughtful veil over the poetry and the sunshine, and the blessing rest upon the life!

The exact reverse of Mrs. Clive may be found in Mrs. Acton Tindal, whose verse, so free, so buoyant, so firm and so graceful, derives most of its charm from its resemblance to the sweet and lovely creature by whom it was written. There is a sparkling vividness in her style, which has the life and colour of painting. The very choice of her subjects is picturesque. With an extent and variety of reading, remarkable even now in one of the youngest of our female writers, she instinctively

fixes upon some theme of processional grace and beauty, and throws all the truth and tenderness of her sentiment around figures already interesting by historical association. The "Infant Bridal" might be transferred to canvas without altering a word.

"Richard Duke of York, second son of Edward IV., was married to Anne Mowbray, Duchess of Norfolk in her own right. The bridegroom was not five years old, and the bride scarcely three. The ceremony was performed in St. Stephen's Chapel, A.D. 1477."

The sunbeams of the early day
  Streamed through the lattice grim,
And up the dark aisle's pillared way
  Swelled loud the nuptial hymn;
And passed along a gorgeous band
  Of courtly dames and fair,
Of belted barons of the land
  The bravest best were there.

But slowly moved the bright array,
  For gently at its head
Two blooming children led the way
  With short and doubtful tread:
The fair boy-bridegroom and the bride,
  (Like Cupid's train in eld),
Meekly and loving, side by side,
  Each other's hands they held.

Half pleased and half surprised they seemed,
For in each kindred eye
Love mixed with pity fondly gleamed,
And mournful gravity.
A fear, for them who knew no fear,
On each heart darkly fell;
They view life's future through a tear
Who know the past too well.

The bridegroom bore a royal crown
Amid the shining hair,
That like a golden veil fell down
In tresses soft and fair.
The bearing of the noble child
His princely lineage told,
Beneath that brow so smooth and mild
The blood of warriors rolled.

All coyly went the sweet babe-bride,
Yet oft with simple grace,
She raised, soft-stepping by his side,
Her dark eyes to his face.
And playfellows who loved her well
Crowns of white roses bore,
And lived in after years to tell
The infant bridal o'er.

Then words of import strange and deep
The hoary prelate said,
And some had turned away to weep
And many bowed the head.
Their steady gaze those children meek
Upon the old man bent,
As earnestly they seemed to seek
The solemn words' intent.

Calm in the blest simplicity
That never woke to doubt;
Calm in the holy purity
Whose presence bars shame out!
Then turned they from each troubled brow
And many a downcast eye,
And gazed upon each other now
In wondering sympathy;

And nestled close, with looks of love,
Upon the altar's stone:
Such ties as Seraphs bind above
These little ones might own.
And sweetly was the babe-bride's cheek
Against the fair boy pressed,
All reverent, yet so fond and meek,
As kneeling to be blest.

Then smiled they on their grand array
And went forth hand in hand,
Well pleased to keep high holiday
Amid that gorgeous band.
Alas! for those that early wed
With such prophetic gloom,
For sadly fell on each young head
The shadow of the tomb!

Scarce had the blossoms died away
Of the rose-wreaths they wore,
When to her mouldering ancestry
The little bride they bore.
Her marriage garlands o'er her bier,
Bedewed with tears, were cast;
And still she smiled as though no fear
O'erclouded her at last.

A life as short, and darker doom,
The gentle boy befel:
He slept not in his father's tomb,
For him was heard no knell!
One stifling pang amid his sleep
And the dark vale was passed!
He woke with those who've ceased to weep,
Whose sun is ne'er o'ercast.

A garland floats around the throne,
Entwined by angel hands,
Of such fair earth-buds, newly blown,
Culled from a thousand lands.
A melody most pure and sweet
Unceasingly they sing,
And blossoms o'er the mercy-seat
The loved babe-angels fling!

I have now to introduce another fair artist into the female gallery of which I am so proud; an artist whose works seem to me to bear the same relation to sculpture that those of Mrs. Acton Tindal do to painting. The poetry of Miss Day is statuesque in its dignity, in its purity, in its repose, Purity is perhaps the distinguishing quality of this fine writer, pervading the conception, the thoughts and the diction. But she must speak for herself. As "The InfantBridal" might form a sketch for an historical picture, so "Charlotte Corday" is a model, standing ready to be chiselled in Parian stone.

Stately and beautiful and chaste,
Forth went the dauntless maid,
Her blood to yield, her youth to waste,
That carnage might be stayed.
This solemn purpose filled her soul,
There was no room for fear,
She heard the cry of vengeance roll
Prophetic on her ear.

She thought to stem the course of crime
By one appalling deed,
She knew to perish in her prime
Alone would be her meed.
No tremor shook her woman's breast,
No terror blanched her brow,
She spoke, she smiled, she took her rest,
And hidden held her vow.

She mused upon her country's wrong,
Upon the tyrant's guilt,
Her settled purpose grew more strong
As blood was freshly spilt:
What though the fair smooth hand were slight!—
It grasped the sharpened steel;
A triumph flashed before her sight
The death that it should deal.

She sought her victim in his den—
The tiger in his lair;
And though she found him feeble then,
There was no thought to spare.
Fast through his dying guilty heart,
That pity yet withstood,
She made her gleaming weapon dart,
And stained her soul with blood.

She bore the buffets and the jeers
  Of an infuriate crowd;
She asked no grace, she showed no fear,
  She owned her act aloud.
She only quailed when woman's cries
  Bewailed the monster's fate,
Her lips betrayed her soul's surprise
  That fiends gained aught but hate.

She justified her deed of blood
  In stern, exalted phrase,
As in the judgement-hall she stood
  With calm, intrepid gaze.
And when she heard her awful doom,
  Before the morn to die,
Her cheek assumed a brighter bloom,
  And triumph lit her eye.

She marked a painter's earnest gaze,
  She raised to him her face,
That he for men in other days
  Her raptured mien might trace.
Some bold heroic words she penned
  To Him her life who gave,
And as approached her fearful end
  Her soul grew yet more brave.

She wore the bonds, the robe of red,
  As martyrs wear their crown;
She begged no mercy on her head,
  She called no curses down;
It was enough that she fulfilled
  The work that was decreed;
It was enough a voice was stilled
  That doomed the just to bleed.

So beautiful, so filled with life,
So doomed, she passed along
Above the sense, the sound of strife,
Alone in the vast throng.
Some with mute reverence lowly bowed,
As thus the victim went;
And some outpouring hatred loud,
The air with curses rent.

Without one tint of fresh youth paled,
Without one quivering breath,
Without one step that weakly failed,
That maiden sped to death;
And with her lips yet glowing red,
And bright her beaming eyes,
To the sharp axe she bowed her head,
And closed her sacrifice.

Yet two more female figures, embodying a stern lesson.

THE TWO MAUDES.

Broidered robe, bespangled vest,
Raiment for a palace guest,
Wears proud Maude to-night;
And her haughty smile is gay,
As shines forth that rich array
In the mirror bright.

Now, with triumph on her cheek,
And with looks that conquest speak,
See her pass along;
Listen to the murmured praise,
Mark the fixed admiring gaze
Of the courtly throng!

Now she joins the stately dance,
And her tutored grace enchants,
Faultless is her mien;
And of all the lovely crowd
She can hear it whispered loud
She to-night is queen.

And of all the vestments there
Hers is richest and most rare,
Wondrous is its cost;
With apparel of less pride,
Where so many shone beside
She had triumph lost.

Therefore 'twas she gave command,
When the courtly ball was planned,
That her robe should be,
Though the time for toil was brief,
With the choicest flower and leaf
Rich in broidery.

If for this be weary sighs,
If for this be sleepless eyes,
She no less will shine;
Unimpaired her bloom shall be,
And from care her bosom free,
In her vesture fine.

* * * *

Broidered robe, bespangled vest,
Raiment for a palace guest,
Maude the poor hath wrought

She who as a May-day queen
Danced upon the village green,
Of gay Nature taught.

Then the sunshine, breeze and shower
Played with her as with a flower;
Ruddy bloom had she:
As a balmy blushing morn,
When the rose blows, and the thorn,
She was sweet to see.

Now with pallor on her cheek,
And with looks that sadness speak,
See her languid rise;
Listen to the harsh command,
See her faint and trembling stand,
Whilst her task she plies.

Thronging to her spirit come
Memories of village home,
Bee and flower and bird,
Ruddy beam of early day,
White-fleeced lambs, in sportive play,
Low of dappled herd.

Breezy breath of heath-crossed hill,
Silvery sound of trickling rill,
Bank were violets grow;
And her heart is throbbing fast,
With these pictures of the past,
But no tears may flow.

Fevered is her low-bent brow,
Wasted are her young limbs now,
Joy hath lost its home:

Short the respite for relief,
Stolen slumbers far too brief
For soft dreams to come.

Tainted is the air she breathes,
Perfumeless the gaud she wreathes,
Garland false and cold.
And the hearts around her seem
As its flowers of mimic beam,
They no balm unfold.

Now before her dazzled eyes
Lurid phantasms arise,
Light is wasting fleet,
And the labourer more intent,
Lest the fitful ray be spent
Ere her task's complete.

But the darkness gathers fast,
And she scarcely knows at last
How her fingers ply;
And she thinks it wondrous soon,
Since the hour of glaring noon
That the night is nigh.

Now her work is done.—Behold,
Ye who shine in silk and gold,
What is its high cost!
She, who strove at your behest,
She, whose eyes were robbed of rest,
Sight through toil hath lost.

Woe to you vain child of clay!
Woe to you in robes so gay,
Queens might envy them!

You with jewels overdone,
Her have robbed who had but one
Of a priceless gem!

No words of mine could add to the force and eloquence of this pleading—I had almost said of this fulmination. What I would add, should go rather in mitigation of the crime imputed to the courtly beauty. Selfish as vanity is—dangerous as leading to all the sins that follow upon frivolity, I have a true faith in the general kindliness and the general good-training of our young country-women, whether of the village green, or of the palace circle. I do not believe that any English lady would knowingly purchase a splendid dress at the cost of health to the artificer. Let them once think—let them once be brought to think whether they can reasonably expect their orders to be executed within a given time, and what may be the amount of suffering caused by such execution, and, my life upon it, our Lady Maudes would give up their furbelows, and their embroideries, and trust to their native charms of grace and modesty to win as much admiration as they know what to do with. But then they must be taught to think; and in all matters of humanity, they could hardly find finer precepts than in the poems of Miss Day.

These lady poets are all my friends: I add yet another, personally a stranger, but still a friend, to the list—Mrs. Robert Dering.

CHURCH SERVICES.

The chimes from yonder steeple
  Ring merrily and loud,
And groups of eager people
  Towards their music crowd.

Before the altar's railing
  A bride and bridegroom stand,
And lacy folds are veiling
  The loveliest in the land.

And every ear is trying,
  While all beside is still,
To hear the bride replying
  Her soft but firm "I will."

The soft "I will" is spoken,
  A glance as soft exchanged,—
That vow shall ne'er be broken
  Nor those fond hearts estranged.

Another train advances,
  No bridal train is this,
Yet there are joyous glances,
  And whispered words of bliss.

With youthful pride and pleasure
  Approach a happy pair,
Their first and darling treasure
  Within the church they bear.

Their babe is now receiving
Upon its placid face,
The badge of the believing
The holy sign of grace.

Sweet babe! this world is hollow,
A world of woe and strife.
Take up thy cross and follow
Where leads the Lord of Life.

Another train is wending
Within the church its way,
Whilst prayers are still ascending
For blessings on that day. ...

But here no bride is blushing;
And here no babe is blest;
But mourners' tears are gushing
For one laid down to rest.

Bright dawns the bridal morning;
The font to us is dear;
But come, and hear the warning
That's spoken to us here!

A blight may soon be falling
On joys however pure,
But let us make our calling
And our election sure.

And then the day of sorrow
Which lays us in the earth,
Shall have a brighter morrow
Than that which saw our birth.

The sweetness and melody of these stanzas, as well as their pervading holiness, render them no unfitting conclusion to this little garland of verses, varying in manner, but of which we may truly say that they are in tone and feeling most English and most feminine.

VIII.

CAVALIER POETS.

RICHARD LOVELACE—ROGER L'ESTRANGE—THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

If there be one thing more than another in the nice balance of tastes and prejudices (for I do not speak here of principles) which inclines us now to the elegance of Charles, now to the strength of Cromwell—which disgusts us alternately with the licence of the Cavaliers and the fanaticism of the Roundheads; it would be the melancholy ruin of cast-down castles and plundered shrines, that meet our eyes all over our fair land, and nowhere in greater profusion than in this district, lying as it does in the very midst of some of the most celebrated battles of the Civil Wars. To say nothing of the siege of Reading, which more even than the van-

dalism of the Reformation completed the destruction of that noble abbey, the third in rank and size in England, with its magnificent church, its cloisters, and its halls, covering thirty acres of buildings—and such buildings! within the outer courts;—to say nothing of that most reckless barbarity just at our door—we in our little village of Aberleigh lie between Basing-House to the south, whose desperately defended walls offer little more now than a mere site—and Donnington to the west, where the ruined Gate towers upon the hill alone remain of that strong fortress, which overlooked the well-contested field of Newbury—and Chalgrove to the north, where the reaper as he binds his sheaf, still pauses to tell you the very place where Hampden fell; every spot has its history! Look at a wooden spire, and your companion shakes his head, and says that it has been so ever since the Cavaliers were blown up in the church-tower! Ask the history of a crumbling wall, and the answer is pretty sure to be, Cromwell! That his Highness the Lord Protector did leave what an accomplished friend of mine calls "his peculiar impressions" upon a great many places in our neighbourhood is pretty certain; on so many, that there is no actual or authentic catalogue of all; and in some cases there is nothing but general tradition, and the nature of the "impressions" in question, to vouch for the fact of their destruction at that period.

Amongst these, one of the edifices that must have been best worth preserving, and is even now most interesting to see, is the grand old castellated mansion, which in the reign of Elizabeth belonged to one of her favourite courtiers, and was known as Master Comptroller's House, at Grays.

The very road to it is singularly interesting. Passing through the town, which increases in growth every day, until one wonders when and where it will stop, and looking with ever-fresh admiration at the beautiful lace-work window of the old Friary, which I long to see preserved in the fitliest manner, by forming again the chief ornament of a church, and then driving under the arch of the Great Western Railway, and feeling the strange vibration of some monster train passing over our heads—a proceeding which never fails to make my pony show off his choicest airs and graces, pricking up his pretty ears, tossing his slender head, dancing upon four feet, and sometimes rearing upon two—we arrive at the long, low, picturesque old bridge, the oldest of all the bridges that cross the Thames, so narrow that no two vehicles can pass at once, and that over every pier triangular spaces have been devised for the safety of foot-passengers. On the centre arch is a fisherman's hut, occupying the place once filled by a friar's cell, and covering a still existing chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, now put to secular uses—a dairy or a cellar.

A little way down the river is one of the beautiful islands of the Thames, now a smooth and verdant meadow, edged round with old willow pollards calmly reflected in the bright, clear waters, but giving back in the twelfth century a far different scene. Here was fought a wager of battle between Robert de Montford, appellant, and Henry de Essex, hereditary Standard-bearer of the Kings of England, defendant, by command, and in the presence of Henry the Second. The story is told very minutely and graphically by Stowe. Robert de Montford at length struck down his adversary, "who fell," says the old historian, "after receiving many wounds; and the King, at the request of several noblemen, his relations, gave permission to the monks to inter the body, commanding that no further violence should be offered to it. The monks took up the vanquished knight, and carried him into the abbey, where he revived. When he recovered from his wounds, he was received into the community, and assumed the habit of the order, his lands being forfeited to the King." I have always thought that this story would afford excellent scope to some great novelist, who might give a fair and accurate picture of monastic life, and, indeed, of the monastic orders, as landlords, neighbours, teachers, priests, without any mixture of controversial theology, or inventing any predecessors of Luther or Wicliffe. How we should have liked to have heard all about

"The Monastery," about the "Abbot," and Father Eustace, untroubled by Henry Warden or John Knox! From the moment that they appear, our comfort in the book vanishes, just as completely as that of the good easy Abbot Boniface himself. There we are in the middle of vexed questions, with the beautiful pile of Melrose threatening every moment to fall about about our ears!

Our business now, however, is to get over the bridge, which after the excitement of one dispute with a pugnacious carrier, and another with a saucy groom, whose caracoling horse had well nigh leaped over the parapets on either side; after some backing of other carriages, and some danger of being forced to back our own, we at last achieve, and enter unscathed the pleasant village of Caversham.

To the left, through a highly ornamented lodge, lies the road to the ancient seat of the Blounts, a house made famous by Pope, where the fair ladies of his love, the sisters Martha and Teresa, lived and died. A fine old place it is; and a picturesque road leads to it, winding through a tract called the Warren, between the high chalk-cliffs, clothed with trees of all varieties, that for so many miles fence in the northern side of the Thames, and the lordly river itself, now concealed by tall elms, now open and shining in the full light of the summer sun. There is not such a flower-bank in Oxfordshire as Caversham Warren.

Our way, however, leads straight on. A few miles farther, and a turn to the right conducts us to one of the grand old village churches, which give so much of character to English landscape. A large and beautiful pile it is. The tower half-clothed with ivy, standing with its charming vicarage and its pretty vicarage-garden on a high eminence, overhanging one of the finest bends of the great river. A woody lane leads from the church to the bottom of the chalk-cliff, one side of which stands out from the road below, like a promontory, surmounted by the laurel hedges and flowery arbours of the vicarage-garden, and crested by a noble cedar of Lebanon. This is Shiplake church, famed far and near for its magnificent oak carving, and the rich painted glass of its windows, collected, long before such adornments were fashionable, by the fine taste of the late vicar, and therefore filled with the very choicest specimens of mediæval art, chiefly obtained from the remains of the celebrated Abbey of St. Bertin, near St. Omers, sacked during the first French Revolution. In this church Alfred Tennyson was married. Blessings be upon him! I never saw the great Poet in my life, but thousands who never may have seen him either, but who owe to his poetry the purest and richest intellectual enjoyment, will echo and re-echo the benison.

A little way farther, and a turn to the left leads

to another spot consecrated by genius—Woodcot, where Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton passed the earlier years of his married life, and wrote several of his most powerful novels. I have always thought that the scenery of Paul Clifford caught some of its tone from that wild and beautiful country, for wild and beautiful it is. The terrace in the grounds commands a most extensive prospect; and beneath a clump of trees on the common behind the house, is the only spot where on a clear day Windsor may be seen on one side, and Oxford on the other—looking almost like the domes and towers and pinnacles that sometimes appear in the clouds—a fairy picture that the next breeze may waft away! This beautiful residence stands so high, that one of its former possessors, Admiral Fraser (grandfather to that dear friend of mine who is the present owner), could discover Woodcot Clump from the mast of his own ship at Spithead, a distance of sixty miles.

Wyfold's Court, another pretty place a little farther on, which also belonged once to a most dear friend, possesses the finest Wych-elms in England. Artists come from far and near to paint these stately trees, whose down-dropping branches and magnificent height are at once so graceful and so rich. They are said always to indicate ecclesiastical possession, but no trace of such dependency is to be found in the title-deeds, or in the tenure by which

in feudal times the lands were held—that of presenting a rose to the King, should he pass by a certain road on a May day.

And now we approach Rotherfield Grays—its bowery lanes, its wild rugged commons, and its vast beech woods, from the edge of which projects, every here and there, a huge cherry-tree, looking, in the blossoming spring-time, as if carved in ivory, so exquisite is the whiteness, casting upon the ferny-turf underneath showers of snowy petals that blanch the very ground, and diffusing around an almond-like odour, that mingles with the springing thyme and the flowering gorse, and loads the very air with its balm.

Exquisite is the pleasantness of these beech woods, where the light is green from the silky verdure of the young leaves, and where the mossy woodpaths are embroidered with thousands of flowers, from the earliest violet and primrose, the wood-anemone, the wood-sorrel, the daffodil, and the wild hyacinth of spring, to the wood-vetch, the woodroof, the campanulas, and the orchises of summer;—for all the English orchises are here: that which so curiously imitates the dead oak leaf, that again which imitates the human figure; the commonest but most pretty bee orchis, and the parallel ones which are called after the spider, the frog, and the fly. Strange freak of nature, thus, in a lower order of creation, to mimic her own handy-

works in a higher!—to mimic even our human mimicry!—for that which is called the man orchis is most like the imitation of a human figure that a child might cut from coloured paper. Strange, strange mimicry! but full of variety, full of beauty, full of odour. Of all the fragrant blossoms that haunt the woods, I know none so exquisite as that night-scented orchis which is called indifferently, the butterfly or the lily of the valley. Another glory of these woods, an autumnal glory, is the whole fungus tribe, various and innumerable as the mosses; from the sober drab-coloured fungi, spotted with white, which so much resemble a sea-egg, to those whose deep and gorgeous hues would shame the tinting of an Indian shell. Truffles, too, are found beneath the earth; and above it are deposited huge masses of the strange compound called in modern geological phrase Agglomerate. Flint and coral, and gravel, and attrited pebbles enter into the combination of this extraordinary natural conglomeration, which no steel, however hardened, can separate, and which seems to have been imitated very successfully by the old builders in their cements and the substances used in the filling up of their grandest structures, as may be seen in the layers which unite the enormous slabs of granite in the Roman walls at Silchester, as well as in the works of the old monkish architects at Reading Abbey. Another beauty of this country is to be found in

the fields—now of the deep-red clover, with its shining crimson tops, now of the gay and brilliant saintfoin (the holy hay), the bright pink of whose flowery spikes gives to the ground the look of a bed of roses.

And now we reach the gate that admits us down a steep descent to the Rectory-house, a large substantial mansion, covered with Banksia roses, and finely placed upon a natural terrace—a fertile valley below, and its own woods and orchard-trees above.

My friend the rector, raciest of men, is an Oxford divine of the old school; a ripe scholar; one who has travelled wide and far, and is learned in the tongues, the manners, and the literature of many nations; but who is himself English to the backbone in person, thought, and feeling. Orthodox is he, no doubt. Nowhere are church and schools, and parish visitings, better cared for; but he has a knack of attending also to the creature comforts of all about him, of calling beef and blankets in aid of his precepts, which has a wonderful effect in promoting their efficacy. Mansion and man are large alike, and alike overflowing with hospitality and kindliness. His original and poignant conversation is so joyous and good-humoured, the making everybody happy is so evidently his predominant taste, that the pungency only adds to the flavour of his talk

and never casts a moment's shade over its sunny heartiness.*

Right opposite the Rectory terrace, framed like a picture by the rarest and stateliest trees, stands the object of my pilgrimage, Grays' Court, a comparatively modern house, erected amongst the remains of a vast old castellated mansion, belonging first to the noble family of Gray, who gave their name, not merely to the manor, but to the district; then to the house of Knollys; and latterly to the Stapletons, two venerable ladies of that name being its present possessors.

All my life I had heard of Grays' Court; of the rich yet wild country in which it is placed; of the park so finely undulated and so profusely covered by magnificent timber; of the huge old towers which seem to guard and sentinel the present house; of the far extended walls, whose foundations may yet be traced, in dry seasons, among the turf of the lawn; of the traditions which assign the demolition of those ancient walls to the wars of the Commonwealth; and of the strange absence of all documentary evidence upon the subject.

Another cause for my strong desire to see this interesting place is to be found in its association

* Since this passage was written my kind and valued friend is no more.

with one of those historical personages in whom I have always taken the warmest interest. Lord Essex (whose mother was the famous Lettice Knollys, who had had for her second husband another of Queen Elizabeth's favourites, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester), when confined in London, a prey to the tyranny of Elizabeth, petitioned, in one of those eloquent letters to the Virgin Queen which will always remain amongst the earliest and finest specimens of English prose, to be allowed to repair, for the benefit of his health, "to Master Comptroller's house at Grays." Ah! we can fancy, when looking over this lovely valley, with its woods, its verdure, its sweep of hills, its feeling of the near river, we can well fancy how the poet-heart of the great Earl must have longed to leave the trial, the turmoil, the jangling, the treachery, the weary fears, the bitter humiliation of his London captivity, and to taste once more the sweet air, the pleasant sights, the calmness and the quiet of the country. Hope and comfort must have come with the thought. One of the prettiest pictures that I know is an extract from a contemporary letter, in the first volume of Mr. Craik's most interesting book, "The Romance of the Peerage," telling of the Earl and Countess, during one of the daily visits that she was at one time permitted to pay him when he was a prisoner in Essex House, walking together in the garden, "now he, now she, reading one to the other." The

whole taste and feeling of the man, the daily habit of his life, is shown in this little circumstance. And this is the brave soldier who, when examined before the Privy Council, a council composed of open enemies and treacherous friends, had been kept nearly all day kneeling at the bottom of the table. Tyranny drove him into madness, and then exacted the full penalty of the wild acts which that madness prompted. But Essex was a man in advance of his age; the companion as well as the patron of poets; the protector of Papist and Puritan; the fearless asserter of liberty of conscience! He deserved a truer friend than Bacon, a more merciful judge than Elizabeth.

To the house of Knollys belongs another interesting association, that strangest of genealogical romances, the great case of the Banbury peerage. The cause was decided (if decided it can be called even now) by evidence found in the parish register of Rotherfield Grays.

The place has yet another attraction in its difficulty of access; the excellent ladies of the Court admitting few beyond their own immediate connections and nearest friends. One class, to be sure, finds its way there as if by instinct—the poor, who, as the birds of the air detect the grain under the surface in the newly-sown ground, are sure to find out the soil where charity lies germinating. Few excepting these constant visitors are admitted. But,

besides the powerful introduction of our mutual friend the rector, a nephew of theirs, and his most sweet and interesting wife, had for some time inhabited the house which had been the home of my own youth, so that my name was not strange to them; and they had the kindness to allow me to walk over their beautiful grounds and gardens, to see their charming Swiss dairy, with its marbles and its china, and, above all, to satisfy my curiosity by looking over the towers which still remain of the old castle—piles whose prodigious thickness of wall and distance from each other give token of the immense extent and importance of the place. It is said to have been built round two courts. Alnwick and Windsor rose to my thoughts as I contemplated these gigantic remains, and calculated the space that the original edifice must have covered. One of the old buildings is still occupied by the well of the castle, a well three hundred feet deep, which supplies the family with water. It will give some idea of the scale of the great mansion to say that the wheel by which the water is raised is twenty-five feet in diameter. Two donkeys are employed in the operation. One donkey suffices for the parallel but much smaller well at Carisbrook, where the animal is so accustomed to be put in for the mere purpose of exhibiting the way in which the water is raised to the visitors who go to look at the poor King's last prison, that he just makes the one turn necessary to

show the working of the machine, and then stops of his own accord. The donkeys at Grays, kept for use and not for show, have not had a similar opportunity of displaying their sagacity.

One cannot look at the place without a feeling of adaptedness. It is the very spot for a stronghold of the cavaliers; a spot where Lovelace and Montrose might each have fought and each have sung, defending it to the last loaf of bread and the last charge of powder, and yielding only to the irresistible force of Cromwell's cannonade.

Much interest is imparted to the lays of these cavalier poets, when we consider the circumstances under which they were written. They were no carpet knights, pouring forth effusions of chivalrous loyalty in the security of a Court, or to amuse the leisure of a mild and temporary captivity; but for that very loyalty which they boasted so loudly, Montrose lay under sentence of death, and Richard Lovelace was pining in the crowded and loathsome prison called the Gatehouse at Westminster. Perhaps the fate of the great Marquis was the happier of the two. He fell with the fame and consolations of a martyr, as his master had fallen before him; whilst his brother poet was indeed released by the ascendant party after the death of the King, when the royalists were so scattered and broken as to be no longer formidable; but when at last set free he was penniless; the lady of his love (Lucy Sacheverel),

hearing that he had died of his wounds at Dunkirk, was married to another person; and oppressed with want and misery he fell into a consumption. Wood relates that "he became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes, and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places," in one of which, situated in some alley near Shoe Lane, he died in 1658. What a reverse for one whose gallant bearing and splendid person seem to have corresponded so entirely with the noble and chivalrous spirit of his poetry! Faults and virtues, Richard Lovelace, as a man and as a writer, may be taken as an impersonation of the cavalier of the civil wars, with much to charm the reader, and still more to captivate the fair.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

When love, with unconfinèd wings,
  Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
  To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
  And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds, that wanton in the air,
  Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
  With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
  Our hearts with loyal flames;

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When linnet-like confinèd, I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
The enlargèd winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I choose,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield,

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

ON LELY'S PORTRAIT OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

See what an humble bravery doth shine,
And grief triumphant breaking through each line,
How it commands the face! So sweet a scorn
Never did happy misery adorn!
So sacred a contempt that others show
To this (o' the height of all the wheel) below;
That mightiest monarchs by this shaded book
May copy out their proudest, richest look.

An elegant and accurate critic, Sir Egerton Brydges, has pointed out a singular coincidence between an illustration employed by Lovelace and a line for which Lord Byron has been, as it seems to me, unjustly censured in the "Bride of Abydos." The noble poet says of his heroine—

"The mind, the *music* breathing from her face;"

and he vindicated the expression on the obvious ground of its clearness and truth. Lovelace, in a Song of Orpheus, lamenting the death of his wife, uses the same words in nearly the same sense. Lord Byron had probably never seen the poem, or, if he had, the illustration had perhaps remained in his mind to be unconsciously reproduced by that

strange process of amalgamation which so often combines memory with invention. These are the lines sung by Orpheus, who works out the idea too far :—

Oh, could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And *music of her face*,
You'd drop a tear;
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye
Than now you hear.

The poem of "Loyalty Confined" is supposed to have been written by Sir Roger L'Estrange, while imprisoned on account of his adherence to Charles the First. On a first reading, these terse and vigorous stanzas seem too much like a paraphrase of Lovelace's fine address "To Althea from Prison;" but there is so much that is original, both in thought and expression, that we cannot but admit that the apparent imitation is the result of similarity of sentiment in a similar situation. These imprisoned cavaliers think and feel alike, and must needs speak the same language.

Beat on, proud billows. Boreas, blow;
Swell-curlèd waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show
That innocence is tempest-proof;
Though truly heroes frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike affliction, for my wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me;
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty;
Locks, bars, and solitude together met
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I, whilst I wish'd to be retired,
Into this private room was turn'd,
As if their wisdoms had conspired
The Salamander should be burn'd;
Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,
Even constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynic loves his poverty,
The pelican her wilderness,
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart. Stoics we see
Make torments easy to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I, as my mistress' favours, wear;
And for to keep my ankles warm
I have some iron shackles there;
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lock'd up
Like some high-priced marguerite;
Or, like the Great Mogul or Pope,
Am cloister'd up from public sight.
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin, for want of food, must starve
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in;
Malice of late's grown charitable, sure;
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking to have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to a cure.
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief, ofttimes proves favour by the event,

When once my Prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
Sweet patience I can learn from him.
Now not to suffer shows no loyal heart;
When kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my King,
Neither in person nor in coin,
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not mine.
My King from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

Have you not seen the nightingale
A prisoner-like coop'd in a cage;
How she doth chaunt her morbid tale
In that her narrow hermitage?
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird whom they contrive
  Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corpse confine,
  Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free.
And though immured, yet can I chirp and sing,
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my King.

My soul is free as ambient air,
  Although my baser part's immew'd;
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
  To accompany my solitude.
Although rebellion do my body bind,
My King alone can captivate my mind.

The following lines were written by the Marquis of Montrose upon the execution of Charles the First. He shut himself up for three days, and when Dr. Wishart, his chaplain, and the elegant historian of his wars, was admitted to him, he found these verses, which probably were intended as a sort of vow, on his table. We all know how that vow was redeemed.

Great, good, and just! could I but rate
My grief to thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain
As it should deluge once again;
But since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies
More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds.

LOVE VERSES, BY THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

Sometimes the jargon of the different governments of the day, and sometimes the technical phrases of warfare, are made strange use of in these verses; yet some of the lines are so noble, and many so original, that we forgive this soldierly mode of wooing in favour of its frankness. It is to be presumed the lady did the same.

My dear and only love, I pray
This noble world of thee,
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts shall evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert's too small,
That puts it not unto the touch
To win and lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe.

But 'gainst my battery if I find
Thou shunn'st the prize to bore,
Or that thou sett'st me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

Or in the empire of thy heart,
Where I would solely be,
Another do pretend a part,
And dares to vie with me;
Or if committees thou erect,
And goest on such a score,
I'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be constant then,
And faithful of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before,
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee evermore.

Could it be in woman to resist such promises from such a man?

PART SECOND.

My dear and only love, take heed
Lest thou thyself expose,
And let all longing lovers feed
Upon such looks as those;

A marble wall, then, build about,
Beset, without a door,
But, if thou let thy heart fly out,
I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like volleys shot,
Make any breach at all,
Nor smoothness of their language plot
Which way to scale the wall;
Nor balls of wildfire love consume
The shrine which I adore,
For if such smoke about thee fume,
I'll never love thee more.

I think thy virtues be too strong
To suffer by surprise,
Which victuall'd by my love so long,
The siege at length must rise,
And leave thee ruled in that health
And state thou wast before;
But if thou turn a Commonwealth,
I'll never love thee more.

But if by fraud or by consent
Thy heart to ruin come,
I'll sound no trumpet as I wont,
Nor march by beat of drum;
But hold my arms like ensigns up,
Thy falsehood to deplore,
And bitterly will sigh and weep,
And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as Nero did
When Rome was set on fire,
Not only all relief forbid,
But to a hill retire;
And scorn to shed a tear to see
Thy spirit grown so poor,
And smiling sing, until I die,—
I'll never love thee more.

Yet for the love I bare thee once,
Lest that thy name should die,
A monument of marble stone
The truth shall testify,
That every pilgrim passing by
May pity and deplore
My case, and read the reason why
I can love thee no more.

The golden laws of love shall be
Upon this pillar hung,
A simple heart, a single eye,
A true and constant tongue.
Let no man for more love pretend,
Than he has hearts in store;
True love begun shall never end,
Love one and love no more.

* * * * * * *

My heart shall with the sun be fix'd
In constancy most strange;
And thine shall with the moon be mix'd,
Delighting still in change.

Thy beauty shined at first most bright,
And woe is me therefore!
That ever I found thy love so light,
I could love thee no more.

Verses written by the Marquis of Montrose with the point of a diamond upon the glass window of his prison, after receiving his sentence.

Let them bestow on every airth a limb;
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To Thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboil'd head upon a stake;
Scatter my ashes; strew them in the air:—
Lord! since Thou know'st where all those atoms are,
I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident Thou'lt raise me with the Just.

They who would follow the great Marquis to the last should read the fine ballad called "The Execution of Montrose," in Professor Aytoun's charming volume "The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers."

IX.

POETRY THAT POETS LOVE.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR—LEIGH HUNT—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY—JOHN KEATS.

To no one can the words that I have placed at the head of this chapter apply more perfectly than to Mr. Landor. No poetry was ever dearer to poets than his. Nearly fifty years ego, we find Southey writing of and to the author of "Gebir," with a respectful admiration seldom felt by one young man for another; and, from that hour to the present, all whom he would himself most wish to please have showered upon him praises that cannot die. The difficulty in selecting from his works is the abundance; but I prefer the Hellenics, that charming volume, because few, very few, have given such present life to classical subjects. I begin with the Preface, so full of grace and modesty.

"It is hardly to be expected that ladies and gentlemen will leave, on a sudden, their daily promenade, skirted by Turks, and shepherds, and knights, and plumes, and palfreys, of the finest Tunbridge manufacture, to look at these rude frescoes, delineated on an old wall, high up and sadly weak in colouring. As in duty bound, we can wait. The reader (if there should be one) will remember that Sculpture and Painting have never ceased to be occupied with the scenes and figures which we venture once more to introduce in poetry, it being our belief, that what is becoming in two of the fine arts, is not quite unbecoming in a third, the one which, indeed, gave birth to them."

And now comes the very first story; with its conclusion that goes straight to the heart.

THRASYMEDES AND EUNŒ.

Who will away to Athens with me? Who
Loves choral songs and maidens crowned with flowers
Unenvious? Mount the pinnace; hoist the sail
I promise ye, as many as are here,
Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me, taste
From unrinsed barrel the diluted wine
Of a low vineyard, or a plant ill-pruned.
But such as anciently the Ægean isles
Poured in libation at their solemn feasts;
And the same goblets shall ye grasp, embost
With no vile figures of loose languid boors,
But such as gods have lived with and have led.

The sea smiles bright before us. What white sail
Plays yonder? What pursues it? Like two hawks
Away they fly. Let us away in time
To overtake them. Are they menaces
We hear? And shall the strong repulse the weak,
Enraged at her defender? Hippias!
Art thou the man? 'Twas Hippias. He had found
His sister borne from the Cecropion port
By Thrasymedes. And reluctantly?
Ask, ask the maiden; I have no reply.

"Brother! O brother Hippias! Oh, if love
If pity ever touched thy breast, forbear!
Strike not the brave, the gentle, the beloved,
My Thrasymedes, with his cloak alone
Protecting his own head and mine from harm."
"Didst thou not once before," cried Hippias,
Regardless of his sister, hoarse with wrath
At Thrasymedes "didst thou not, dog-eyed
Dare as she walked up to the Parthenon
On the most holy of all holy days
In sight of all the city, dare to kiss
Her maiden cheek?"

"Ay, before all the gods,
Ay, before Pallas, before Artemis,
Ay, before Aphrodite, before Herè,
I dared; and dare again. Arise, my spouse!
Arise! and let my lips quaff purity
From thy fair open brow."

The sword was up,
And yet he kissed her twice. Some god withheld

The arm of Hippias; his proud blood seethed slower
And smote his breast less angrily; he laid
His hand on the white shoulder and spoke thus:
"Ye must return with me. A second time
Offended, will our sire Peisistratos
Pardon thee affront? Thou shouldst have asked thyself
That question ere the sail first flapt the mast."
"Already thou hast taken life from me;
Put up thy sword," said the sad youth, his eyes
Sparkling; but whether love or rage or grief
They sparkled with, the gods alone could see.
Peirœeus they re-entered, and their ship
Drove up the little waves against the quay,
Whence was thrown out a rope from one above,
And Hippias caught it. From the virgin's waist
Her lover dropped his arm, and blushed to think
He had retained it there, in sight of rude
Irreverent men; he led her forth nor spake.
Hippias walked silent too, until they reached
The mansion of Peisistratos, her sire.
Serenely in his sternness did the prince
Look on them both awhile: they saw not him,
For both had cast their eyes upon the ground.
"Are these the pirates thou hast taken, son?"
Said he. "Worse, father! worse than pirates they
Who thus abuse thy patience, thus abuse
Thy pardon, thus abuse the holy rites
Twice over."

"Well hast thou performed thy duty,"
Firmly and gravely said Peisistratos.
"Nothing, then, rash young man! could turn thy heart
From Eunöe my daughter?"

"Nothing, Sir,
Shall ever turn it. I can die but once
And love but once. O Eunöe! farewell!"
"Nay, she shall see what thou canst bear for her."
"O father! Shut me in my chamber, shut me
In my poor mother's tomb dead or alive,
But never let me see what he can bear;
I know how much that is when borne for me."
"Not yet: come on. And lag not thou behind,
Pirate of virgin and of princely hearts!
Before the people, and before the goddess,
Thou hadst evinced the madness of thy passion,
And now wouldst bear from home and plenteousness
To poverty and exile, this, my child."
Then shuddered Thrasymedes, and exclaimed,
"I see my crime; I saw it not before.
The daughter of Peisistratos was born
Neither for exile nor for poverty,
Ah! nor for me!" He would have wept, but one
Might see him, and weep worse. The prince unmoved
Strode on, and said, "To-morrow shall the people
All who beheld thy trespasses, behold
The justice of Peisistratos, the love
He bears his daughter, and the reverence
In which he holds the highest law of God."
He spake; and on the morrow they were one.

Did not Mr. Landor write this scene of Orestes one fine June morning, seated on a garden-roller in the court before Mr. Kenyon's house in London? fitting home for such an inspiration! And is not that the way that such scenes are written? not sitting down with malice prepense to compose

poetry, but letting it come when it will and how it will, and striking it off at a heat.

THE DEATH OF CLYTEMNESTRA.

ORESTES AND ELECTRA.

Electra. Pass on, my brother! she awaits the wretch,
Dishonourer, despoiler, murderer—
None other name shall name him—she awaits
As would a lover—
Heavenly Gods! what poison
O'erflows my lips!
Adultress! husband-slayer!
Strike her, the tigress!
Think upon our father—
Give the sword scope—think what a man was he,
How fond of her! how kind to all about,
That he might gladden and teach us—how proud
Of thee, Orestes! tossing thee above
His joyous head and calling thee his crown.
Ah! boys remember not what melts our hearts
And marks them evermore!
Bite not thy lip,
Nor tramp as an unsteady colt the ground,
Nor stare against the wall, but think again
How better than all fathers was our father.
Go.

Orestes. Loose me then! for this white hand, Electra,
Hath fastened upon mine with fiercer grasp
Than I can grasp the sword.

Electra. Go, sweet Orestes,

I knew not I was holding thee—Avenge him!
(*Alone*). How he sprang from me!
Sure he now hath reached
The room before the bath!
The bath-door creaks!
It hath creaked thus since he—since thou, O father!
Ever since thou didst loosen its strong valves,
Either with all thy dying weight, or strength
Agonized with her stabs—
What plunge was that?
Ah! me!
What groans are those?
Orestes (*returning*). They sound through hell
Rejoicing the Eumenides.
She slew
Our father: she made thee the scorn of slaves
Me (son of him who ruled this land and more)
She made an outcast—
Would I had been so
For ever! ere such vengeance—
Electra Oh that Zeus
Had let thy arm fall sooner at thy side
Without those drops! list! they are audible—
For they are many—from the sword's point falling
And down from the mid blade!
Too rash Orestes!
Couldst thou not then have spared our wretched mother?
Orestes. The Gods could not.
Electra. She was not theirs, Orestes!
Orestes. And didst not thou,—
Electra. 'Twas I! 'twas I who did it!
Of our unhappy house the most unhappy!

Under this roof, by every God accurst,
There is no grief, there is no guilt, but mine.
Orestes. Electra! no!
'Tis now my time to suffer—
Mine be, with all its pangs, the righteous deed!

What a picture is that of Agamemnon and his boy,

"Tossing thee above
His joyous head and calling thee his crown!"

Long may Mr. Landor conceive such pictures, and write such scenes!

The days are happily past when the paltry epithet of "Cockney Poets" could be bestowed upon Keats and Leigh Hunt: the world has outlived them. People would as soon think of applying such a word to Dr. Johnson. Happily, too, one of the delightful writers who were the objects of these unworthy attacks has outlived them also; has lived to attain a popularity of the most genial kind, and to diffuse, through a thousand pleasant channels, many of the finest parts of our finest writers. He has done good service to literature in another way, by enriching our language with some of the very best translations since Cowley. Who ever thought to see Tasso's famous passage in the "Amyntas" so rendered?

ODE TO THE GOLDEN AGE.

O lovely age of gold!
Not that the rivers rolled
With milk, or that the woods wept honey-dew;
Not that the reedy ground
Produced without a wound,
Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew;
Not that a cloudless blue
For ever was in sight;
Or that the heaven which burns,
And now is cold by turns,
Looked out in glad and everlasting light;
No, nor that even the insolent ships from far
Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse than war.

Who, again, ever hoped to see such an English version of one of Petrarch's most characteristic poems, conceits and all?

PETRARCH'S CONTEMPLATIONS OF DEATH IN THE BOWER OF LAURA.

Clear, fresh, and dulcet streams,
Which the fair shape who seems
To me sole woman, haunted at noontide;
Fair bough, so gently lit,
(I sigh to think of it)
Which lent a pillar to her lovely side;
And turf and flowers bright-eyed,

O'er which her folded gown
Flowed like an angel's down;
And you, O holy air and hushed,
Where first my heart at her sweet glances gushed,
Give ear, give ear, with one consenting,
To my last words, my last, and my lamenting.

If 'tis my fate below,
And heaven will have it so,
That love must close these dying eyes in tears,
May my poor dust be laid
In middle of your shade,
While my soul, naked, mounts to its own spheres.
The thought would calm my fears
When taking, out of breath,
The doubtful step of death;
For never could my spirit find
A stiller port after the stormy wind;
Nor in more calm abstracted bourne
Slip from my travelled flesh, and from my bones outworn.

Perhaps, some future hour,
To her accustomed bower
Might come the untamed, and yet gentle she;
And where she saw me first,
Might turn with eyes athirst
And kinder joy to look again for me;
Then, oh the charity!
Seeing amidst the stones
The earth that held my bones,
A sigh for very love at last
Might ask of heaven to pardon me the past;

And heaven itself could not say nay,
As with her gentle veil she wiped the tears away.

How well I call to mind,
When from those boughs the wind
Shook down upon her bosom flower on flower;
And there she sat meek-eyed,
In midst of all that pride,
Sprinkled and blushing through an amorous shower.
Some to her hair paid dower,
And seemed to dress the curls
Queenlike with gold and pearls;
Some snowing on her drapery stopped,
Some on the earth, some on the water dropped;
While others, fluttering from above,
Seemed wheeling round in pomp and saying, "Here reigns love."

How often then I said,
Inward, and filled with dread,
"Doubtless this creature came from paradise!"
For at her look the while,
Her voice, and her sweet smile
And heavenly air, truth parted from mine eyes;
So that, with long-drawn sighs,
I said, as far from men,
"How came I here, and when?"
I had forgotten; and alas!
Fancied myself in heaven, not where I was;
And from that time till this, I bear
Such love for the green bower, I cannot rest elsewhere.

In justice to Mr. Leigh Hunt, I add to these fine translations, of which every lover of Italian literature will perceive the merit, some extracts from his original poems, which need no previous preparation in the reader. Except Chaucer himself, no painter of processions has excelled the entrance of Paulo to Ravenna, in the story of Rimini.

'Tis morn, and never did a lovelier day
Salute Ravenna from its leafy bay;
For a warm eve and gentle rains at night
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light;
And April with his white hands wet with flowers
Dazzles the bridemaids looking from the towers:
Green vineyards and fair orchards far and near
Glitter with drops; and heaven is sapphire clear,
And the lark rings it, and the pine-trees glow,
And odours from the citrons come and go;
And all the landscape—earth and sky and sea—
Breathes like a bright-eyed face that laughs out openly.

...

'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and loved.
E'en sloth to-day goes quick and unreproved;
For where's the living soul, priest, minstrel, clown,
Merchant or lord, that speeds not to the town?
Hence happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scattered light;

Come gleaming up—true to the wished-for day—
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.

And well may all the world come crowding there,
If peace returning and processions rare,
And to crown all, a marriage in the spring,
Can set men's hearts and fancies on the wing:
For on this beauteous day Ravenna's pride,
The daughter of their prince, becomes a bride;
A bride to ransom an exhausted land;
And he whose victories have obtained her hand
Has taken with the dawn, so flies report,
His promised journey to the expecting court,
With knightly pomp, and squires of high degree
The bold Giovanni, Lord of Rimini.

The road that way is lined with anxious eyes,
And false announcements and fresh laughters rise;
The horseman hastens through the jeering crowd,
And finds no horse within the gates allowed:
And who shall tell the drive there and the din?
The bells, the drums, the crowds yet squeezing in,
The shouts from mere exuberance of delight,
And mothers with their babes in sore affright,
And armed bands making important way
Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday;
Minstrels and friars and beggars many a one
That pray and roll their blind eyes in the sun,
And all the buzzing throngs that hang like bees
On roofs and walls and tops of garden trees.

With tapestries bright the windows overflow
By lovely faces brought that come and go,

Till by their work the charmers take their seats
Themselves the sweetest pictures in the streets,
In colours by light awnings beautified;
Some re-adjusting tresses newly tied,
Some turning a trim waist, or o'er the flow
Of crimson cloths hanging a hand of snow:
Smiling and talking some, and some serene,
But all with flowers, and all with garlands green,
And most in fluttering talk impatient for the scene.

At length the approaching trumpets, with a start
On the smooth wind come dancing to the heart.
The crowd are mute; and from the southern wall
A lordly blast gives answer to the call.
Then comes the crush; and all who best can strive
In shuffling struggle toward the palace drive,
Where balustered and broad, of marble fair,
Its portico commands the public square:
For there Count Guido is to hold his state
With his fair daughter, seated o'er the gate.
But far too well the square has been supplied:
And, after a rude heave from side to side,
With angry faces turned and nothing gained.
The order first found easiest is maintained;
Leaving the pathways only for the crowd,
The space within for the procession proud.

For in this manner is the square set out:—
The sides half-deep are crowded round about
And faced with guards who keep the horseway clear;
And round a fountain in the midst appear—
Seated with knights and ladies in discourse—
Rare Tuscan wits and warbling troubadours,

Whom Guido, for he loved the Muse's race,
Has set there to adorn his public place.
The seats with boughs are shaded from above
Of bays and roses—trees of wit and love.
And in the midst fresh whistling through the scene
The lightsome fountain starts from out the green
Clear and compact; till at its height o'errun
It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.

* * * * * *

Another start of trumpets with reply;
And o'er the gate a crimson canopy
Opens to right and left its flowing shade,
And Guido issues with the princely maid
And sits. The courtiers fall on either side
But every look is fixed upon the bride,
Who seems all thought at first, and hardly hears
The enormous shout that springs as she appears;
Till, as she views the countless gaze below,
And faces that with grateful homage glow
A home to leave and husband yet to see
Are mixed with thoughts of lofty charity:
And hard it is she thinks to have no will;
But not to bless these thousands harder still.
With that a keen and quivering sense of tears
Scarces moves her sweet proud lip and disappears;
A smile is underneath and breaks away
And round she looks and breathes as best befits the day.

What need I tell of cheeks and lips and eyes
The locks that fall, and bosom's balmy rise?

Beauty's whole soul is here, though shadowed still
With anxious thought and doubtful maiden will;
A lip for endless love should all prove just;
An eye that can withdraw into as deep distrust.

While thus with earnest looks the people gaze,
Another shout the neighbouring quarters raise;
The train are in the town, and gathering near
With noise of cavalry and trumpets clear,
A princely music, unbedimmed with drums,
The mighty brass seems opening as it comes.
And now it fills and now it shakes the air,
And now it bursts into the sounding square,
At which the crowd with such a shout rejoice,
Each think he's deafened with his neighbour's voice.
Then with a long-drawn breath the clangours die,
The palace trumpets give a last reply;
And clustering hoofs succeed with stately stir
Of snortings proud and clinking furniture;—
The most majestic sound of human will:
Nought else is heard some time, the people are so still.

I would fain go on with this procession, which the art of the poet continues to make us see and hear and almost feel, so vividly does he describe the pageantry, the noise, and the jostling. But it fills the whole canto, and there is yet another poem for which I must make room. Every mother knows these pathetic stanzas. I shall never forget attempting to read them to my faithful maid, the hemmer

of flounces, whose fair-haired Saxon boy, her pet and mine, was then fast recovering from a dangerous illness. I attempted to read these verses, and did read as many as I could for the rising in the throat, the *hysterica passio* of poor Lear, and as many as my auditor could hear for her own sobs. No doubt they have often extorted such praises—the truest and the most precious that can be given.

TO T. L. H., SIX YEARS OLD, DURING A SICKNESS.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee
My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee—
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish with sudden shrink
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart in pain and weakness
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly midst my dear ones
Have wasted with dry brow.
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too;
My light where'er I go,
My bird when prison-bound,
My hand-in-hand companion,—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say He has departed,
His voice, his face is gone!
To feel impatient-hearted
Yet feel we must bear on!
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure
That it will not be so.

Yes! still he's fixed and sleeping!
This silence, too, the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile.

Something divine and dim
Seems going by mine ear
Like parting wings of Seraphim
Who say, "We've finished here."

The name of Percy Bysshe Shelley is united to that of Leigh Hunt by many associations. They were in Italy together; they were friends; and the survivor has never ceased to bewail the untimely catastrophe of that great poet. In how many senses does that early and sudden death appear untimely to our dim eyes! Doubtless all was wise, all just, all-merciful; yet to our finite perceptions, he seemed snatched away just as his spirit was preparing to receive the truths to which it had before been blinded. However this rests with an All-wise, and an All-merciful Judge, and is far beyond our imperfect speculations.

In a literary point of view, there is no doubt but every succeeding poem showed the gradual clearing away of the mists and vapours with which, in spite of his exquisite rhythm, and a thousand beauties of detail, his fine genius was originally clouded.

The first time I ever met with any of his works, this vagueness brought me into a ludicrous dilemma. It was in the great library of Tavistock House that Mr. Perry one morning put into my hand a splendidly printed, and splendidly bound volume ("Alastor,"

I think), and desired me to read it, and give him my opinion: "You will at least know," said he, "whether it be worth anybody else's reading."

Accordingly I took up the magnificent presentation copy, and read conscientiously until visitors came in. I had no marker, and the richly bound volume closed as if instinctively, so that when I resumed my task on the departure of the company, not being able to find my place, I was obliged to begin the book at the first line. More visitors came, and went, and still the same calamity befell me; again, and again, and again, I had to search in vain amongst a succession of melodious lines as like each other as the waves of the sea, for buoy or landmark, and had always to put back to shore, and begin my voyage anew. I do not remember having been ever in my life more ashamed of my own stupidity than when obliged to say to Mr. Perry, in answer to his questions as to the result of my morning's studies, that, doubtless, it was a very fine poem—only that I never could tell when I took up the book, where I had left off half an hour before; an unintended criticism, which, as characteristic both of author and reader, very much amused my kind and clever host.

Now, could such a calamity befall even the stupidest of young girls, in reading that perfection of clearness and dramatic construction, "The Cenci?"

Ah! what a tragic poet was lost in that boat-wreck! Could it have happened with the "Ode to the Skylark," an ode as melodious, as various, and as brilliant as the song of the bird it celebrates. Both seem soaring upward to Heaven, and pouring forth an unconscious hymn of praise and thanks-giving.

TO THE SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blythe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields or waves or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never come near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

If there be anywhere a companion poem to this, it is John Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale." Poor John Keats! he too was called in scorn a "Cockney

Poet;" he too was a friend of Leigh Hunt's; he too died far from his native country, not indeed like Shelley, by sad mischance, off the coast of Italy, but by slow disease in the very heart of the Eternal City;—died after having done enough to show the world all that it lost in him. No one since Spenser has possessed a more graphic pen. His processions not only live, they move.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
  My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
  One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
  But being too happy in thy happiness,—
    That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
      In some melodious plot
  Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
    Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

Oh for a draught of vintage, that hath been
  Cooled a long age in the deep-delvëd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
  Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
  Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
    With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
      And purple-stainëd mouth;
  That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
    And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull train perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmëd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild:
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of bees on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain,—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the Fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

A most interesting Life of Keats, by Mr. Monckton Milnes, has been recently published. Few works are better worth reading, not only for the sake of the young poet, but for that of his generous benefactors, Sir James Clarke and Mr. Severn. It is well in an age, called perhaps more selfish than it deserves to be, to fall back upon such instances of patient and unostentatious kindness.

X.

AUTHORS ASSOCIATED WITH PLACES.

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.

BATH is a very elegant and classical-looking city. Standing upon a steep hill-side, its regular white buildings rising terrace above terrace, crescent above crescent, glittering in the sun, and charmingly varied by the green trees of its park and gardens; its pretty suburban villas mingling with the beautiful villages that surround it on every side; nothing can exceed the grace and amenity of the picture. Even the railway contributes, by a rare exception, to the effect of the landscape. Very pleasant is Bath to look at. But when contrasted with its old reputation as the favourite resort of the noble and the

fair, the Baden-Baden of its day, to which the well came for amusement, and the sick as much for cheerfulness as for cure, it is impossible not to feel that the spirit has departed; that it is a city of memories, the very Pompeii of watering-places. It was a far smaller town in that joyous time, and perhaps the stately streets that rise from the old springs in every direction, may have made it too spacious and too commodious; for fashion is a capricious deity, who loves of all things to be crowded, provided the crowd be fashionable, and does not dislike so much gentle inconvenience as may serve to enhance the comfort and magnificence of her real home.

Whatever be the cause, Bath, like the Italian cities, which it is often said to resemble, is picturesque, silent and empty. Lodging in Milsom Street, the main artery of the town, where the best shops are congregated, and at an excellent library, always the most frequented among shops, my little maid, a shrewd observer of such matters, declared she knew every carriage that passed, and could count them on her fingers; and I myself, less keen-sighted, did not care to ask her whether she meant the fingers on one hand or on two.

I speak this out of pure regard to truth, since, for my own part, I owe Bath all gratitude. Going thither with health and spirits so shattered by a

long illness and a great sorrow, that I could not muster courage to encounter the imaginary dangers of the Box Tunnel, I returned, in the course of a few weeks, so completely restored in mind and body, that when, in the very midst of that same tunnel, the ghost of my departed fear met me in the shape of a story (a story with variations) of the foolish lady who had been so exquisitely silly as to hire a fly to escape from the peril, my fellow-travellers really refused to believe that the person who laughed so heartily at her past folly could possibly have been the real heroine of the legend. So that I suspect I left two traditions behind me in the Box Tunnel, first as a simpleton, then as an impostor.

A place of interesting associations is Bath. The dear friend, whom I principally went to see—one of a privileged few, who carry the lively spirit, the ready indulgence, the quick intelligence of youth, into wise and honoured age, might herself almost pass for one of its recollections. She took me to see the house, where, fifty years before, Madame de Genlis had lived, when sent to England, at the very beginning of the Revolution, with Mademoiselle d'Orleans; and described the looks and manners of the quiet, steady pupil, and the flighty governess, as if it had been yesterday. She walked with me through the street where Mrs. Thrale had shone

forth in both her phases—the hostess and friend of Dr. Johnson, and Piozzi's slandered, defiant, but not unhappy wife. Miss Burney never depicted her better. And Miss Burney herself she showed forth nearly as well as that clever, conceited, prim, affected, die-away little authoress, who never for one moment (unlucky body!) could forget that she was an authoress—ay, and the authoress of "Cecilia" too, has shown herself to all posterity in that looking-glass, her "Diary." Then she went through all the past dynasties of the drama—Kembles, Linleys, Ellistons; and last of all she took me to Bathford, to gaze upon Gainsborough's admirable portrait of Quin, which looks just as if he was preparing to sit down to a John Dory.

A place full of associations is Bath. When we had fairly done with the real people, there were great fictions to fall back upon; and I am not sure, true and living human beings as Horace Walpole and Madame d'Arblay have shown themselves in their letters and journals—full of that great characteristic of our human nature, inconsistency, of strength and weakness, of wisdom and folly, of virtues and faults; I am not sure, eminently human as these worthies shine forth in their writings, that those who never lived except in the writings of other people—the heroes and heroines of Miss

Austen, for example—are not the more real of the two. Her exquisite story of "Persuasion" absolutely haunted me. Whenever it rained (and it did rain every day that I staid at Bath, except one), I thought of Anne Elliott meeting Captain Wentworth, when driven by a shower to take refuge in a shoe-shop. Whenever I got out of breath in climbing up-hill (which, considering that one dear friend lived in Lansdown Crescent, and another on Beechen Cliff, happened also pretty often), I thought of that same charming Anne Elliott, and of that ascent from the lower town to the upper, during which all her tribulations ceased. And when at last by dint of trotting up one street and down another, I incurred the unromantic calamity of a blister on the heel, even that grievance became classical by the recollection of the similar catastrophe, which, in consequence of her peregrinations with the Admiral, had befallen dear Mrs. Croft. I doubt if any one, even Scott himself, have left such perfect impressions of character and place as Jane Austen.

Besides those pleasures of memory, Bath, eight years ago, was not wanting in living illustrations. Poor Miss Pickering, so fertile as a novelist, so excellent as a woman; my friend, Miss Waddington, an elegant authoress, who charmed the languors of illness by the creations of fancy; Mr. Reade, also

my friend, whose poem of "Italy" is so full of classical grace; Mr. Beckford, original in every act and word, whose "Vathek" was as strange a work as his "Tower on Lansdown," and whose fine place at Fonthill should never have been built, or never have been destroyed; last and best, Mr. Landor, of whom, with his vivacity, his vigour, and fertility of thought, it was difficult to believe that his first work was published in the last century, and who had gathered together, in a narrow room, specimens of art—"little bits," as he called them, which might put to shame far larger collections. It was impossible not to admire; but it was dangerous to praise in that room; for the proprietor had a trick of bestowing, which caught one so unawares, that one could hardly express the gratitude for the surprise: it was felt though, however ill-spoken. He gave me a small picture, by Wright, of Derby—a night view of Vesuvius, in which the two lights, the moon and the volcano, are shining down upon the sea, as brightly and as distinctly as they could have done in his own verse. These were the literary names of Bath; and there was a living artist too—Mr. Barker—an interesting old man, who had, with an artist's improvidence, devoted years of labour to a fine, but immovable fresco—the taking of a Greek island by the Turks—painted on the walls of his own house. The

talent has proved hereditary. I saw there a sketch by his son, of the Death of the Duke of Orleans; a mere sketch, but one in which the homeliness and evident truth of the accessories added much to the pathos of the scene. I do not remember in art a more touching rendering of family grief; it struck the heart like a cry.

The neighbourhood of Bath is still more beautiful than the city. Even the suburbs, where tree and garden, hill and valley, railway and river, mingle so picturesquely with the rich tint of the stone of which the houses are built, and the striking architectural forms; and where pretty old churches and churchyards, rich in yew and lime, seem to unite town and country. Of the surrounding villages, Batheaston was memorable for the blue-stocking vagaries of a certain Lady Miller, a Somersetshire Clemence Isaure, who some seventy years ago offered prizes for the best verses thrown into an antique vase; the prize consisting, not of a golden violet, but of a wreath of laurel; and the whole affair producing, as was to be expected, a great deal more ridicule than poetry. Claverton, another pretty village, was celebrated for a travestie of a different order—the curious book called "The Spiritual Quixote," written by Mr. Graves; and Weston, prettiest of all, is the delight and resort of poets, if not their residence.

But by far the most interesting spot in the neighbourhood of Bath is Prior Park, built by Allen the bookseller, the friend of Pope and the original of Fielding's Allworthy, afterwards the property and residence of Warburton, and now the site of a Roman Catholic college.

I shall never forget my first visit to this most beautiful place, on a sunny, dewy day, between May and April, the first of one month or the last of the other, the very fairest moment of the year, all nature smiling around me, and every pleasure enhanced by the delightful manners of Dr. Baines, the then principal of the establishment.

The house is an elegant and stately erection, separated by long corridors from two wings almost equal to itself in size and extent. The portico is of the noblest architecture, and double flights of steps, flight after flight, exquisite in design and proportion, stretch down from the magnificent colonnade to the sloping lawn. Standing under the lofty pillars, leaning over the marble balustrade, with a splendid peacock close beside me expanding his gorgeous plumage to the sun, I thought I had never beheld a scene that formed so perfect a picture to the eye and to the mind.

In the foreground the turfy lawn, dotted here and there with graceful shrubs, descended to a sweep of calm, bright waters as clear as crystal,

giving back the fleecy clouds and the deep blue sky, and fringed in on either side by down-dropping elms, columnar poplars, and majestic cedars. Across the lake the city presented itself in its most picturesque point of view: the old buttressed abbey, church towers and spires, streets, squares, and crescents rising each over each, mixed with park and gardens, and crowned by the high hills of Lansdown and Mr. Beckford's tower. All was gay and glittering in the tender verdure of spring, leaves just bursting or just burst, a sweet balminess in the air, and the odour of woods and flowers floating around us, with the song of birds and the thousand sounds of new-born insects. It was an hour never to be forgotten!

He whose intellect and kindliness lent attraction even to that loveliest scenery died soon after. The charm of Dr. Baines's conversation is difficult to describe. He was the son of a Yorkshire farmer, and had risen to the rank of Vicar Apostolic, titular Bishop of some Eastern see, and to the highest influence among his English co-religionists by the united power of talent and of character. The little tinct of simplicity which he retained from his rustic origin went well with his courtly bearing. That small touch of provincial *naïveté* gave to his high-bred polish the finishing grace of truth. It was charming to see him surrounded by the boys

of one wing, Howards, Talbots, Fitzgeralds, O'Connells—for O'Connell was then "a name to conjure withal"—and the elder students of the other building, young men in college cap and gown. It was a double establishment, one a school for the purpose of secular education, the other a seminary for the priesthood; but all the inhabitants, elder or younger, without any distinction, seemed to claim Dr. Baines as the general father. He reigned in the hearts of all.

Full of taste and information, he avoided everything that approached to controversy, and addressed himself to the topics most likely to interest his hearers, as if they had been precisely those most interesting to himself. He showed me Miss Agnew's outline engravings, speaking of her "Geraldine" (then recently published) with high but discriminating praise, and regretting her retirement to a convent, a thing he rarely saw cause to recommend. He showed me a little volume of Latin hymns, the hymns Sir Walter Scott liked so well, and told me that Mr. Moore, on his last visit to Prior Park, had, at his request, taken away a copy, "I hope," said he, "that that great artist in words may give us an English version of some of the few poems, professedly religious, which have always had attractions for poets. It would be a happy close of a literary life, the prayer before going to rest."

He gave a most amusing account of Cardinal Mezzofante—a man in all but his marvellous gift of tongues as simple as an infant. "The last time I was in Rome," said he, "we went together to the Propaganda, and heard speeches delivered in thirty-five or thirty-six languages by converts of various nations. Amongst them were natives of no less than three tribes of Tartars, each talking his own dialect. They did not understand each other, but the Cardinal understood them all, and could tell with critical nicety the points in which one jargon differed from the others. We dined together; and I entreated him, having been in the Tower of Babel all the morning, to let us stick to English for the rest of the day. Accordingly he did stick to English, which he spoke as fluently as we do, and with the same accuracy not only of grammar but of idiom. His only trip was in saying, 'that was before the time when I remember,' instead of 'before my time.' Once, too, I thought him mistaken in the pronounciation of a word. But when I returned to England," continued Dr. Baines, "I found that my way was either provincial or old-fashioned, and that I was wrong and he was right. In the course of the evening his servant brought a Welsh Bible which had been left for him. 'Ah,' said he, 'this is the very thing! I wanted to learn Welsh!' Then he remembered that it was in all

probability not the authorised version. 'Never mind,' he said, 'I don't think it will do me any harm.' Six weeks after, I met the Cardinal, and asked him how he got on with his Welsh. 'Oh!' replied he, 'I know it now. I have done with it.' "*

I do believe that, had Dr. Baines been spared, his wisdom, his spirit of conciliation and his thorough knowledge of the temper of England, would have prevented the disastrous feud which must grieve all who hold the great Christian tenets of charity and love.

Traces of the manner in which people lived at Bath whilst it was a small inconvenient town much resorted to by the sick and the idle, may be found scattered up and down a great variety of books. The list that crowds upon me would fill many pages. Letter-writers, dramatists, poets, biographers all, first or last, betake themselves or their heroes to "the Bath." Sheridan has made it the scene, not of his most famous, but of his most charming play; and Bob Acres with his courage

* M. Kossuth, who, though no Mezzofante, either in simplicity or the gift of tongues, has a command over our language very rare in a foreigner, says that he learnt English in a Turkish prison from three books, Shakespeare, the Bible, and an Hungarian dictionary.

oozing out of his fingers' ends, and the comfortable suggestion that "there is snug lying in the abbey," will last as long as comedy exists.

Perhaps the best description of Bath in its hey-day of fashion and popularity a century ago, is to be found in the verse of Anstey, burlesque although it be.

"The New Bath Guide," written in a light and tripping manner, well adapted to the subject and little previously known, had an immense vogue in its day; a vogue all the greater that some of the characters were supposed to be real, and the poignancy of personal satire was added to general pleasantry. It is so far forgotten by the general reader, that the extracts upon which I may venture will probably be as good as new. I do not apologize for a few omissions rendered necessary by the better manners of our times.

The plan of the work is very simple: Mr. Simkin Blunderhead, the good-humoured, gullible, but not silly heir of a north country knight, is sent with his sister Prudence, his cousin Jenny, and their waiting-maid, to drink the waters and look at the world. The story is told in letters from Simkin to his mother, and from Miss Jenny to a female friend.

We are all at a wonderful distance from home,
Two hundred and sixty long miles are we come!
And now you'll rejoice, my dear mother to hear
We are safely arrived at the sign of "The Bear."
As we all came for health, as a body may say,
I sent for a doctor the very next day;
And the doctor was pleased, though so short was the warning,
To come to our lodgings the very next morning.
He looked very thoughtful and grave to be sure,
And I said to myself—There's no hopes of a cure!
But I thought I should faint when I saw him, dear mother,
Feel my pulse with one hand, with a watch in the other;
No token of death that is heard in the night
Could ever have put me so much in a fright;
Thinks I—'tis all over—my sentence is past
And now he is counting how long I shall last.

Then follows a good deal of medical detail and of doctor's Latin very comically dragged into the verse. In a subsequent letter, Mr. Anstey, who seems to have had as great a horror of the faculty as Molière himself, gives a report of a consultation and its consequences:

If ever I ate a good supper at night,
I dreamt of the devil and waked in a fright;
And so as I grew every day worse and worse
The doctor advised me to send for a nurse,

And the nurse was so willing my health to restore,
She advised me to send for a few doctors more;
For when any difficult work's to be done,
Many heads can dispatch it much better than one;
And I find there are doctors enough in this place
If you want to consult in a dangerous case.
So they all met together and thus began talking:
"Good doctor I'm yours—'tis a fine day for walking;
Sad news in the papers—heaven knows who's to blame!
The colonies seem to be all in a flame—
This Stamp Act no doubt might be good for the crown,
But I fear 'tis a pill that will never go down.—
What can Portugal mean?—Is she going to stir up
Convulsions and heats in the bowels of Europe?
'Twill be fatal if England relapses again
From the ill-blood and humours of Bourbon and Spain."
Says I: "My good doctors, I can't understand
Why the deuce you take so many patients in hand;
No doubt ye are all of ye great politicians,
But at present my bowels have need of physicians,
Consider my case in the light it deserves
And pity the state of my stomach and nerves."
But a tight little doctor began a dispute
About administration, Newcastle and Bute,
Talked much of economy—

* * * * *

"Come, let's be gone,
We've another bad case to consider at one."
So thus they brushed off, each his cane at his nose,
When Jenny came in who had heard all their prose:
"I'll teach them," says she, "at their next consultation
To come and take fees for the good of the nation."

I could not conceive what the deuce 'twas she meant,
But she seized all the stuff that the doctor had sent
And out of the window she flung it down souse,
As the first politician went out of the house.
Decoctions and syrups around him all flew,
Pills, boluses, jalep, and apozem too;
His wig had the luck an emulsion to meet
And squash went a gallipot under his feet.

Having turned out the doctors, the whole party improve both in health and spirits; Miss Jenny picks up a military lover, under whose auspices Simkin turns beau:

No city, dear mother, this city excels
In charming sweet sounds both of fiddles and bells,
I thought, like a fool, that they only would ring
For a wedding, or judge, or the birth of a king;
But I found 'twas for *me* that the good-natured people
Rang so hard that I thought they would pull down the steeple;
So I took out my purse as I hate to be shabby
And paid all the men when they came from the abbey.
Yet some think it strange they should make such a riot
In a place where rich folk would be glad to be quiet.

Tabitha Rust, the waiting-maid, takes a bath:

'Twas a glorious sight to behold the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks;
And to-day many persons of rank and condition
Were boiled by command of an able physician.

Dean Spavin, Dean Mangy and Doctor De Squirt
Were all sent from Cambridge to rub off their dirt;
Judge Bore and the worthy old Counsellor Pest
Joined issue at once and went in with the rest;
Old Baron Vanteaser, a man of great wealth,
Brought his lady the Baroness here for her health;
Miss Scratchit went in and the Countess of Scales,
Both ladies of very great fashion in Wales;
Then all on a sudden two persons of worth,
My Lady Pandora Macscurvy came forth
With General Sulphur arrived from the North.
So Tabby you see had the honour of washing
With folks of condition and very high fashion;
But in spite of good company, poor little soul,
She shook both her ears like a mouse in a bowl.

This description of the two sexes bathing in common in the chief water-drinking place of England so recently as during the American War, would seem incredible if it were not confirmed by an almost contemporary writer, Smollett, in his last, and incomparably his best novel, "The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker."

Our friend Simkin prepares for a ball:

Thank Heaven, of late, my dear mother, my face is
Not a little regarded at all public places:
For I ride in a chair with my hands in a muff,
And have bought a silk coat, and embroidered the cuff;
But the weather was cold, and the coat it was thin,
So the taylor advised me to line it with skin.

But what with my Nivernois hat can compare,
Bag-wig and laced ruffles and black solitaire?
And what can a man of true fashion denote
Like a yard of good ribbon tied under his throat?
My buckles and box are in exquisite taste;
The one is of paper, the other of paste;
And my stockings of silk are just come from the hosier,
For to-night I'm to dance with the charming Miss Toser.

He goes to the ball. After two or three pages of rhapsodies:

But hark! now they strike the melodious string,
The vaulted roof echoes, the mansions all ring;
At the sound of the hautboy, the bass and the fiddle,
Sir Boreas Blubber steps forth in the middle,
Like a hollyhock, noble majestic and tall,
Sir Boreas Blubber first opens the ball.
Sir Boreas, great in the minuet known,
Since the day that for dancing his talents were shown
Where the science is practised by gentlemen grown.
How he puts on his hat with a smile on his face
And delivers his hand with an exquisite grace!
How gently he offers Miss Carrot before us
Miss Carrot Fitz-oozer a niece of Lord Porus!
How nimbly he paces, how active and light!
One never can judge of a man at first sight;
But as near as I guess from the size of his calf
He may weigh about twenty-three stone and a half.
Now why should I mention a hundred or more
Who went the same circle as others before
To a tune that they played us a hundred times o'er?

I must find room for some scraps of a public breakfast. Simkin invokes the desire of popularity:

'Twas you made my Lord Ragamuffinn come here,
Who they say has been lately created a peer,
And to-day with extreme complaisance and respect asked
All the people at Bath to a general breakfast.

You've heard of my Lady Bunbutter, no doubt,
How she loves an assembly fandango or rout;
No lady in London is half so expert
At a snug private party her friends to divert;
But they say that of late she's grown sick of the town
And often to Bath condescends to come down:
Her ladyship's favourite house is "The Bear,"
Her chariot and servants and horses are there.

Now my lord had the honour of coming down post
To pay his respects to so famous a toast;
In hopes he her ladyship's favour might win,
By playing the part of a host at an inn.
He said it would greatly our pleasure promote
If we all for Spring Gardens set out in a boat;
Though I never as yet could his reason explain
Why we all sallied forth in the wind and the rain.
For sure such confusion was never yet known,
Here a cap and a hat, there a cardinal blown;
While his lordship embroidered and powdered all o'er
Was bowing and handing the ladies ashore.
How the misses did huddle and scuddle and run,
One would think to be wet must be very good fun;
For by waggling their gown-tails they seemed to take pains
To moisten their pinions like ducks when it rains;

And 'twas pretty to see, how like birds of a feather
The people of quality all flocked together;
All pressing, addressing, caressing, and fond,
Just as so many ganders and geese in a pond.
You've read all their names in the news I suppose,
But for fear you have not take the list as it goes:
There was Lady Greasewrister,
And Madam Van Twister,
Her Ladyship's sister;
Lord Cram and Lord Vulter,
Sir Brandish O'Culter,
With Marshal Carouser,
And old Lady Drouser,
And the great Hanoverian Baron Pansmouser,
Besides many others who all in the rain went
On purpose to honour this grand entertainment.
The company made a most brilliant appearance,
And ate bread and butter with great perseverance;
All the chocolate, too, that my lord set before 'em
The ladies dispatched with the utmost decorum;
And had I a voice that was stronger than steel,
With twice fifty tongues to express what I feel,
And as many good mouths, yet I never could utter
All the speeches my lord made to Lady Bunbutter!

Now why should the Muse, my dear mother, relate
The misfortunes that fall to the lot of the great?
As homeward we came—'tis with sorrow you'll hear
What a dreadful disaster attended the peer:
In landing old Lady Bumfidget and daughter
This obsequious lord tumbled into the water;
But a nymph of the flood brought him safe to the boat
And I left all the ladies a cleaning his coat.

A worse disaster than that which befel Lord Ragamuffin is in store for our good-humoured letter-writer. His friend, Captain Cormorant, who by the way turns out to be no captain at all, and who had undertaken, amongst other fashionable accomplishments, to initiate him in the mysteries of lansquenet, cheats him out of seven hundred pounds; so that Miss Jenny loses her lover and her cousin his money at one stroke. Prudence and Tabitha also come in for their share of misadventures; and the whole party return, crestfallen and discomfited, to the good old Lady Blunderhead and their Yorkshire Manor House.

XI.

AMERICAN POETS.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER—FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

I DID a great injustice the other day when I said that the Americans had at last a great poet. I should have remembered that poets, like sorrows:

> "Come not single spies
> But in battalions."

There is commonly a flight of those singing-birds, as we had ourselves at the beginning of the present century; and besides Professor Longfellow, Bryant, Willis, Lowell and Poe do the highest honour to America.

The person, however, whom I should have most injured myself in forgetting, for my injustice could not damage a reputation such as his, was John G.

Whittier, the most intensely national of American bards.

Himself a member of the Society of Friends, the two most remarkable of his productions are on subjects in which that active although peaceful sect take a lively interest: the anti-slavery cause, in the present day; and the persecution of the Quakers, which casts such deep disgrace on the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers and their immediate successors in the early history of New England.

Strange it seems to us in this milder age, that these men, themselves flying from the intolerance of the Old Country, should, the moment they attained to anything like power, nay even whilst disputing with the native Indians, not the possession of the soil, but the mere privilege of dwelling peaceably therein, at once stiffen themselves into a bigotry and a persecution not excelled by the horrors of the Star Chamber! should, as soon as they attained the requisite physical force, chase and scourge, and burn and sell their fellow-creatures into slavery, for that very exercise of private judgment on religious subjects, that very determination to interpret freely the Book of Life, which had driven themselves into exile! Oh! many are the causes of thankfulness which we owe to the Providence that cast us upon a more enlightened age; but for nothing ought we more devoutly to render thanks to God than that

in our days the deeds recited in Mr. Whittier's splendid ballad of "Cassandra Southcote" would be impossible.

His poem itself can scarcely be overrated. The march of the verse has something that reminds us of the rhythm of Mr. Macaulay's fine classical ballads, something which is resemblance, not imitation; whilst in the tone of mind of the author, his earnestness, his eloquence, his pathos, there is much that resembles the constant force and occasional beauty of Ebenezer Elliot. Whilst equally earnest, however, and equally eloquent, there is in Mr. Whittier, not only a more sustained, but a higher tone than that of the Corn-law Rhymer. It would indeed be difficult to tell the story of a terrible oppression and a merciful deliverance, a deliverance springing from the justice, the sympathy, the piety of *our* countrymen, the English captains, with more striking effect. I transcribe the prose introduction, which is really necessary to render such an outrage credible, although one feels intuitively that the story must have been true, precisely because it was too strangely wicked for fiction.

"This ballad has its foundation upon a somewhat remarkable event in the history of Puritan intolerance. Two young persons, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick, of Salem, who had himself been imprisoned and deprived of all his property

for having entertained two Quakers at his house, were fined ten pounds each for non-attendance at church, which they were unable to pay. The case being represented to the General Court at Boston, that body issued an order which may still be seen on the court records, bearing the signature of Edward Rawson, Secretary, by which the Treasurer of the County was 'fully empowered to sell the said persons to any of the English nation at Virginia or Barbadoes to answer said fines.' An attempt was made to carry this barbarous order into execution, but no shipmaster was found willing to convey them to the West Indies. *Vide* Sewall's 'History,' p.p. 225—6, G. Bishop."

To the God of all true mercies let my blessing rise to-day,
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked the spoil away,—
Yea, He, who cooled the furnace around the faithful three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set His handmaid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison bars,
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale gleam of stars,
In the coldness and the darkness all through the long night time,
My grated window whitened with autumn's early rime.

Alone in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by;
Star after star looked palely in, and sank adown the sky;

No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed
to be
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea.

All night I sate unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sorrow,
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and
sold
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the
fold!

Oh the weakness of the flesh was there, the shrinking and the
shame;
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came:
"Why sitst thou thus forlornly?" the wicked murmur
said,
"Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden
bed?

"Where be the smiling faces and voices soft and sweet
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street?
Where be the youths, whose glances the summer Sabbath
through
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew?

"Why sitst thou here, Cassandra? Bethink thee with what
mirth
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm bright
hearth;
How the crimson shadows tremble, on foreheads white and
fair,
On eyes of merry girlhood half hid in golden hair.

"Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for thee kind
words are spoken;
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham Woods by laughing boys
are broken;
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are laid,
For thee no flowers of autumn the youthful rustics braid.

"O weak deluded maiden! by crazy fancies led,
With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread;
To leave a wholesome worship and teaching pure and sound,
And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and sackcloth
bound.

"Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things divine,
Who rail against the pulpit and holy bread and wine,
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings and from the pillory lame,
Rejoicing in their wretchedness and glorying in their shame.

"And what a fate awaits thee? a sadly toiling slave,
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the
grave!
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all!"

Oh!—ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble nature's fears
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer,
To feel—oh Helper of the weak! that Thou indeed wert
there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison shackles
fell,

Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe of white,
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

* * *

Slow broke the grey cold morning, again the sunshine fell
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my lonely cell;
The hoar-frost matted on the wall, and upward from the street
Came careless laugh and idle word and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,
And slowly at the sheriff's side up the long street I passed;
I heard the murmur round me and felt, but dared not see,
How from every door and window the people gazed on me.

* * * *

We paused at length where at my feet the sunlit waters broke
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of rock;
The merchants' ships lay idly there in hard clear lines on high
Tracing with rope and slender spar their network on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped and grave and cold,
And grim and stout sea-captains, with faces bronzed and old,
And on his horse with Rawson, his cruel clerk at hand,
Sate dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

* * * *

But grey heads shook, and young brows knit, the while the sheriff read
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have made.
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood bring
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff turning said:
"Which of ye worthy seamen will take this Quaker maid?
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains; and when again he cried
"Speak out, my worthy seamen!" no voice or sign replied;
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my ear;—
"God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear!"

A weight seemed lifted off my heart—a pitying friend was nigh,
I felt it in his hard rough hand I saw it in his eye;
And when again the sheriff spake, that voice so kind to me
Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring of the sea.

"Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins of Spanish gold
From keelpiece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her hold,
By the living God who made me! I would sooner in yon bay
Sink ship and crew and cargo than bear this child away!"

"Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their cruel laws!"
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's just applause.
"Like the herdsman of Tekoa in Israel of old
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold?"

I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon half-way drawn,
Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate and scorn;
Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and turned in silence back,
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of soul,
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed his parchment roll;
"Good friends," he said, "since both have fled, the ruler and the priest,
Judge ye if from their further work I be not well released."

Loud was the cheer, which, full and clear, swept round the silent bay,
As with kind words and kinder looks he bade me go my way;
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen
And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed beneath my eye,
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill and stream and woodland lay,
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life! to Him all praises be,
Who from the hands of evil men hath set His handmaid free!
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are afraid
Who takes the crafty in the maze which for the poor is laid!

* * * *

I add the opening stanzas of an equally powerful and eloquent poem, with the few lines of explanation prefixed by the author.

MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA.

Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk (Virginia) in reference to George Latimer, the alleged fugitive slave, the result of whose case in Massachusetts will probably be similar to that of the negro, Somerset, in England in 1772.

The blast from Freedom's northern hills upon its southern way
Bears greeting to Virginia from Massachusetts Bay:—
No word of haughty challenging, nor battle-bugle's peal,
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor clang of horsemen's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along our highways go—
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the snow;

And to the land-breeze of our ports upon their errands far,
A thousand sails of commerce swell, but none are spread for war.

We hear thy threats, Virginia! thy stormy words and high,
Swell harshly on the southern winds which melt along our sky;
Yet not one brown hard hand foregoes its honest labour here;
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his axe in fear.

Wild are the waves that lash the reefs along St. George's bank,
Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white and dank;
Through storm and wave and blinding mist stout are the hearts which man
The fishing-smacks of Marble Head, the sea-boats of Cape Ann.

The cold north light and wintry sun glare on their icy forms
Bent grimly o'er their straining-lines, or wrestling with the storms;
Free as the winds they drive before, rough as the waves they roam,
They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against their rocky home.

What means the Old Dominion? Hath she forgot the day
When o'er her conquered valleys swept the Briton's steel array?
How, side by side with sons of hers, the Massachusetts men
Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and stout Cornwallis then?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer to the call
Of her old House of Burgesses spoke out from Faneuil Hall?
When echoing back her Henry's cry, came pealing on each breath
Of northern winds the thrilling sounds of "Liberty or Death!"

What asks the Old Dominion? If now her sons have proved
False to their father's memory, false to the faith they loved;
If she can scoff at Freedom, and its Great Charter spurn,
Must *we* of Massachusetts from Truth and Duty turn?

We hunt your bondmen flying from slavery's hateful hell—
Our voices, at your bidding, take up the bloodhound's yell—
We gather at your summons above our fathers' graves,
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear your wretched slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can Massachusetts bow,
The spirit of her early time is with her even now;
Dream not because her pilgrim blood moves slow, and calm, and cool,
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave and tool!

All that a *Sister* State should be, all that a *free* State may,
Heart, hand and purse we proffer, as in our early day;
But that one dark loathsome burthen, ye must stagger with alone,
And reap the bitter harvest which ye yourselves have sown!

If slavery be a reproach, and too just a reproach it is to the Southern States, surely the citizens of New England may justly pride themselves upon the poetry which has arisen out of the sin and shame of their brethren. Time will inevitably chase away the crime, for national crimes are in their very nature transient, whilst the noble effusions that sprang from that foul source, whether in the verse of the poet, or the speeches of the orator, are imperishable.

Another of my sins of omission is Mr. Halleck, a poet of a different stamp, with less of earnestness and fire, but more of grace and melody. How musical are these stanzas on the Music of Nature!

Young thoughts have music in them, love
And happiness their theme;
And music wanders in the wind
That lulls a morning dream.
And there are angel voices heard
In childhood's frolic hours,
When life is but an April day
Of sunshine and of flowers.

There's music in the forest leaves
When summer winds are there,
And in the laugh of forest girls
That braid their sunny hair.

The first wild bird, that drinks the dew
From violets of the spring,
Has music in his voice, and in
The fluttering of his wing.

There's music in the dash of waves
When the swift bark cleaves the foam;
There's music heard upon her deck
The mariner's song of home.
When moon and starbeams smiling meet
At midnight on the sea—

* * * * *

To-day the forest leaves are green,
They'll wither on the morrow;
And the maiden's laugh be changed ere long
To the widow's wail of sorrow.
Come with the winter snows and ask
Where are the forest birds?
The answer is a silent one
More eloquent than words.

The moonlight music of the waves
In storms is heard no more,
When the living lightning mocks the wreck
At midnight on the shore.

* * * * *

Still better than these verses are the stanzas on the death of his brother poet Drake:

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep;
And long where thou art lying
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven
Like thine are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine,—

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow;
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

This is a true and manly record of a true and manly friendship. There is no doubting the sorrow, honourable alike to the Departed and the Survivor. May he be so loved and so mourned!

XI.

VOLUMINOUS AUTHORS.

HARGRAVE'S STATE TRIALS.

All my life long I have delighted in voluminous works; in other words, I have delighted in that sort of detail which permits so intimate a familiarity with the subjects of which it treats. This fancy of mine seems most opposed to the spirit of an age fertile in abridgments and selections. And yet my taste is hardly, perhaps, so singular as it seems: witness the six volume biographies of Scott and Southey, which everybody wishes as long again as they are; witness the voluminous histories of single events—the Conquest of Peru and of Mexico, by Mr. Prescott, the French Revolution of M. Thiers, the Girondins of M. de Lamartine. Even the most successful writers of modern fiction have found the

magical effects of bringing the public into intimacy with their heroes. Hence Mr. Cooper (dead I regret to say, but yet imperishably alive in his graphic novels,) extended to fifteen volumes the adventures of Leather-Stocking, until every reader offered his hand to greet the honest backwoodsman as if he had been a daily visitor; and Balzac, a still greater artist, brought the same *dramatis personæ*, the same set of walking ladies and gentlemen to fill up the background of his scenes of the "Life of Paris and of the Provinces," with an illusion so perfect and so masterly, that I myself, who ought to have some acquaintance with the artifices of story-telling, was so completely deceived as to inquire by letter of the friend who had introduced me to those remarkable books, whether the Horace Bianchon, whom I had just found consulted for the twentieth time in some grave malady, were a make-believe physician, or a real living man: to which my friend, herself no novice in this sort of deception, replied that he was certainly a fictitious personage, for that she had written two years ago to Paris to ask the same question.

Even in this world of Beauties, and of Extracts, I do not believe myself quite alone in my love of the elaborate and the minute; and yet I doubt if many people contemplate very long very big books with the sense of coming enjoyment which such a prospect gives me; and few shrink, as I do, with

aversion and horror from that invention of the enemy—an Abridgment. I never shall forget the shock I experienced in seeing Bruce, that opprobrium of an unbelieving age, that great and graphic traveller, whose eight or nine goodly volumes took such possession of me, that I named a whole colony of bantams after his Abyssinian princes and princesses, calling a little golden strutter of a cock after that arch-tyrant the Ras Michael, and a speckled hen, the beauty of the poultry-yard, Ozoro Esther, in honour of the Ras's favourite wife—I never felt greater disgust than at seeing this magnificent work cut down to a thick, dumpty volume, seven inches by five; except, perhaps, when I happened to light upon another pet book—Drinkwater's "Siege of Gibraltar," where I had first learned to tremble at the grim realities of war, had watched day by day the firing of the red hot balls, had groped my way through the galleries, and taken refuge in the casemates, degraded from the fair proportions of a goodly quarto, into the thin and meagre pamphlet of a lending library, losing a portion of its life-like truth with every page that was cut away.

Besides books long in themselves, I love large collections of works, of the same class. Shakespeare I had always known, of course. But what joy it was to wander at will through the vellum bound folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, and then to diverge

to Ben Jonson, to Massinger, to Ford, to Webster, to the countless riches of Dodsley's Old Plays! How pleasant to get together books united only by a common subject, collections of English ballads, Percy, Weber, Heber, Ritson, Scott, the Chronicles of Froissart and de Joinville, of Hollinshed and of Hall, the endless Memoirs of Louis the Fourteenth's day, or the still more endless Journals and Diaries, whether by prince or valet, whether false or true, that show us vividly as in life him whom Beranger has called "the great poet of modern times," the marvellous Napoleon!

Or again, books by the same author: the novels of Richardson; the letters of Walpole—will they ever come to an end? I hope not. The majestic verse and graceful prose of Dryden, whose prefaces contain some of our earliest criticism and some of our best; the wisdom of Bacon; the wit of Swift; the easy truth of Jane Austen; the matchless charm of Scott. I have read of Prynne and Defoe more than would break down a writing-table, and about the French Revolution as much as would fill a room.

Nor do I perceive much change in this devouring passion. Nearly forty years ago, I had occasion to acquire as much knowledge as I could on the subject of the Commonwealth, and it was a labour of love. From the lives of Hutchinson and Fairfax, so charmingly told by their loving wives, and the

exciting histories of Burnet and Clarendon to the dullest State Papers of the Record Office, my ravenous appetite "had stomach for them all." Four winters since, I was reading for my own pleasure, Lucas Monsigny's "Life of Mirabeau." It was a hired book, a Brussels' edition, in ten volumes, from Mr. Rolandi's excellent Foreign Library in Berners Street, and I had only the first four. Full of Mirabeau, of that strange creature his father, and that little less remarkable personage the Bailli, his uncle, worse than the vain, tyrannical father in my mind, because he had a perception of the stupendous intellect and noble nature with which they were dealing, and yet submitted in all things to that heartless coxcomb, the Marquis; full of these people, I could not think of waiting until I had written to London, I should never have closed my eyes; so I ran off to a most kind neighbour, whose rich library and constant indulgence afforded me some chance of supplying this pressing want. "Vie de Mirabeau, par son fils adoptif?" said the fair daughter, whom I encountered in the park. "Yes," answered I, with a thousand thanks: "that life of Mirabeau, if Sir Henry happen to have it. If not, any life, any book, by or about him, to serve until I can get the true thing!" And so I went my way! In a few hours, a horse and cart arrived at my door, containing a great trunk, and a note with a key enclosed. And this precious trunk was full of

Mirabeau: orations, letters, lives; all of his own writing, that a woman might fitly read, and almost all that had been written about him, from Dumont's cold unworthy book to the fine *étude* of Victor Hugo. I do not think I even opened a newspaper until I had gone through the whole collection.

One winter I revelled in all the lore I could procure regarding beasts, and birds, and insects, and reptiles; another I solaced myself by a course of topography, ponderous county histories which are called so dull and are often so amusing, full of odd bits of legend and story and traits of manners that one finds nowhere else; and once I beguiled the long Christmas evenings by looking through the whole series of the "Monthly Review," reading the cotemporary judgments on Hume and Robertson, on Gibbon and Johnson, on Fielding and Smollett, on Gray and Mason, on Goldsmith and Sterne, and comparing the criticism of the day with the abiding verdict of posterity. Anybody not willing to encounter the trouble of turning over above a hundred heavy volumes may procure for himself a recreation nearly analogous by reading the correspondence which Mr. Mitford has just so ably edited between the beforementioned Horace Walpole and Mason; and yet that is hardly a fair example. Prince of letter-writers as Walpole was, created as it seems for nothing else but to chronicle with the adroitest of touches the gossip of the day, it is something wonderful how seldom even

by accident he shows the slightest perception of the high, the good, or the true. There is hardly a great name of his own time at which he does not sneer. In one passage he ignores them in a body, and says "Dr. Johnson and the crew whose names I forget," or words to that effect. He classes Garth as a poet with Milton; chooses Goldsmith as the object of his supreme contempt, and even amongst his own correspondents he had quarrelled with Gray and was about to quarrel with Mason. He can hardly be said to reflect cotemporary opinion. Perhaps we of the last generation have seen something more nearly approaching it in the judgment of the "Quarterly" upon Keats, and of the "Edinburgh Review" upon Wordsworth. Time is the one great critic.

Of all collected works those that I liked best, better than the poets from Chaucer to Tennyson, better than the dramatists from Shakespeare to Talfourd, were those most real and most exciting of all dramas called trials. I began with the French collections, collections consisting of very many small volumes, Lilliputian duodecimoes, some of which are so infinitely curious; and having fairly exhausted them, I betook myself to the Brobdignagian folios of "Hargrave's State Trials." What between the size of the books and my own short-sightedness, I well remember that I was compelled to move the reading-desk twice in the course of every double-

columned page. Little did I care for that, enchanted as I was by the development, now of story, now of character, now of eloquence, and always of form—the question and answer so well calculated to convey narrative and to elicit truth.

With two or three obvious exceptions, I went through the whole collection, most interested perhaps by those contained in the long reign of Charles II., a time when the prisons, the courts of justice, and the scaffolds were hardly ever free from illustrious victims, martyrs to liberty as in the case of the regicides and of Russell and his companions, or for their ancient faith as in the equally iniquitous condemnations of the so-called Popish Plot.

Amongst these trials of the days of Charles II., two have always seemed to me the perfection of judicial comedy and tragedy.

The former relates to a man about whom much has been written lately; and who certainly, although no doubt he had faults in plenty, was puffed up with vanity as your professors of humanity seldom fail to be, and took no small delight in courts and princes as was to be expected from the leader of a sect whose chief tenet was an ostentatious renunciation of the pomps and vanities of the world—must be admitted to have had his merits also—amongst which I shall always include the manner in which he turned the Mayor and Mr. Recorder

round his fingers. I am talking of William Penn, and the process in question is the trial of William Penn and William Mead for a tumultuous assembly, 22nd. Charles II. (1670), before the Mayor, Recorder, and divers Aldermen at the Old Bailey.

I do not know any cause pleasanter to read than this, because from first to last the parties with whom our sympathies go have the best not only of the reasoning but of the result; such arrant blunderers were the whole of the court. To begin at the beginning:

Clerk.—Bring William Penn and William Mead to the bar.

Mayor.—Sirrah! Who bid you put off their hats? Put on their hats again.

Whereupon one of the officers putting the prisoners' hats upon their heads, pursuant to the orders of the Court, brought them to the bar.

Recorder.—Do you know where you are?

Penn.—Yes.

Recorder.—Do you not know it is the King's Court?

Penn.—I know it to be a Court and I suppose it to be the King's Court.

Recorder.—Do you not know there is a respect due to the Court?

Penn.—Yes.

Recorder.—Why do you not pay it then?

Penn.—I do so.

Recorder.—Why do you not pull off your hat, then?

Penn.—Because I do not believe that to be any respect.

Recorder.—Well, the Court sets forty marks a-piece upon your heads, as a fine for your contempt of Court.

Penn.—I desire it might be observed, that we came into the court with our hats off (that is taken off) and if they have been put on since, it was by order from the bench, and therefore not we but the bench should be fined.

Then Penn, finding the advantage he had got, began to ask questions of the Recorder, much to the discomposure of that learned official. Here is a sample:

Recorder.—Sir, you are a troublesome fellow, and it is not for the honour of the Court to suffer you to go on.

Penn.—I have asked but one question, and you have not answered me, though the right and privileges of every Englishman be concerned in it.

Recorder.—If I should suffer you to ask questions till to-morrow morning, you would be never the wiser.

Penn.—That is according as the answers be.

Finally, although the real offence (that of preaching in Gracechurch Street) was I suppose pretty clearly established, it was found absolutely impossible

to get the jury to convict. They brought in a temporising and modified verdict, which deprived the Court of the few wits with which they seem to have been originally gifted. The Mayor scolded, the Recorder stormed. The jury were locked up, sent back; sent back again, locked up again for something like two days; and must have been made of very stubborn stuff to have resisted the starvation. They did resist however. The more they were pressed, the more favourable the verdict became, and the bench were at last compelled to accept a complete and triumphant acquittal.

The tragedy relates to a far greater man, to that great patriot, Algernon Sydney, who in declining years, of feeble health, and never, as he himself asserted, having been present at a trial or read a law-book in his life, yet fought this losing battle so bravely, so manfully, with so much presence of mind, learning and eloquence, that the pain of reading of such wrongs is almost lost in admiration of the sufferer, and in envy of such a death.

Everybody knows the story of this frightful injustice: that he was convicted upon the hearsay evidence of the infamous Lord Howard and the no less infamous West, contradicted as that evidence was out of their own mouths by a host of honourable witnesses, and only bolstered up by a manuscript book written twenty years before, and left openly upon his writing-table.

Everybody knows too, his famous answer to Jeffries at the conclusion of his trial:

Lord Chief Justice.—I pray God work in you a temper fit to go into the other world, for I see you are unfit for this.

Sydney.—My Lord, feel my pulse (holding out his hand), and see if I am disordered. I bless God I never was in better temper than I am now.

Then the Lieutenant of the Tower carried back his prisoner.

This last act of his life is worthy of an anecdote related by Mr. Brand Hollis of his earlier days:

"Mr. Sydney, during his stay in France, being one day hunting with the French King, and mounted on a fine English horse, the form and spirit of which caught the King's eye, received a message that he would be pleased to oblige the King with his horse at his own price. He answered that he did not choose to part with him. The King determined to have no denial, and gave orders to tender him money or to seize the horse; which being made known to Mr. Sydney, he instantly took a pistol and shot him, saying: 'That his horse was born a free creature, had served a free man, and should not be mastered by a King of slaves.'"*

* 4to. Edition (1772) of Algernon Sydney's works.

Besides the cases of high treason, of conspiracy and of misdemeanor, public crimes, which may be understood as state trials in the strictest sense of the word, and which have all more or less of historical interest, this collection includes a vast variety of remarkable causes, robbery, forgery, murder, offences against individuals, which have frequently, the more perhaps because they are confined within the limits of private life, the sort of dramatic effect, of incident and of situation, which belong properly to romance.

Amongst these I know none more striking, from the near connection of the principal actors, the strangeness of the scene, the boldness of the crime, and its most providential discovery, than the trial (in 1741) of Samuel Goodere, Captain of H.M.S. 'Ruby,' for the murder of his brother, Sir John Dinely Goodere, on board his own man-of-war, brought to light by the cooper's wife, who happened accidentally to be sleeping on board, and by her husband, who had the moral courage to apprehend the assassin in his very cabin.

The fulness and minuteness of the evidence, the gradations by which every thought and plan of the fratricide are laid bare by the different witnesses, the reiteration by which one detail is linked to another, from the first attempt to effect a pretended reconciliation with the destined victim,

the hurrying him from the shore to the boat, the forcing him from the boat to the vessel, and the barring him in the purser's cabin, to the midnight strangulation, produce an impression of truth and reality almost equal to that of having been personally present at the horrid catastrophe.

The very minuteness and repetition, which make so great a part of the charm, forbid any attempt to transcribe the evidence, but an extract from the opening speech of the counsel will convey better than any words of mine can do, the story of this domestic tragedy. One of the subordinate assassins was tried with Captain Goodere, and another afterwards, and it is singular that the first pair of culprits both laboured under the infirmity of deafness.

"Gentlemen, as I am instructed, there had been a long and very unhappy difference between the deceased Sir John and his brother, the prisoner, owing to various occasions; and amongst others, to Sir John's having cut off the entail of a large estate in Worcestershire, to which Mr. Goodere, as the next remainder man would have otherwise stood entitled in default of issue of Sir John. Gentlemen, this misunderstanding by degrees grew to an inveterate grudge and hatred on the part of Mr. Goodere; which was so rooted in his heart, that it at length worked him into a formed design of destroying his brother and making away with him

at all hazards and events. The great difficulty was how to get Sir John into his power, for he generally travelled armed; nor was it easy to get together a set of fellows so base and desperate as to join with him in the carrying off his brother. But, unfortunately for the deceased, Mr. Goodere having been recently honoured by his Majesty with the command of the 'Ruby,' man-of-war, happened, in January last, to be stationed in King's-road (as much within the county of Bristol as this town-hall, where we are sitting). Sir John, who was advanced in years, and very ailing, had, it seems, been advised to come to Bath for the recovery of his health; and having occasion to transact affairs of consequence at Bristol with Mr. Josiah Smith, Mr. Goodere took this opportunity of laying a snare for his brother's life, as you will find by the event. He applies to Mr. Smith; and taking notice to him of the misunderstanding between himself and his brother, pretends a sincere desire of reconciliation, and desires Mr. Smith, if possible, to make up the breach between them; and Mr. Smith promised to do his utmost towards effecting a reconciliation, and was as good as his word; for, by his interest and persuasions, he at length prevailed upon Sir John to see and be reconciled to his brother; and Sir John having appointed Tuesday, the 13th of January last, in the morning, for calling on Mr. Smith, at his house in College Green, Mr. Smith soon made his brother,

Mr. Goodere, acquainted therewith; and no sooner was he informed of it, but he began to take his measures for the executing his wicked schemes against his brother's life: for on Monday, (the day before Sir John was to be at Mr. Smith's), Mr. Goodere, with the other prisoner, Mahony, (his inseparable agent and companion in every stage of this fatal business), went together to the 'White Hart,' an ale-house, near the foot of the College Green, in view of and almost opposite to Mr. Smith's, in order to see if it was a fit place for their desperate purpose; and finding it to be so, Mr. Goodere commended the pleasantness of the closet over the porch, and said he would come and breakfast there the next day. And accordingly, the next morning, (which was Tuesday, the 13th), Mr. Goodere, with his friend, Mahony, and a gang of fellows belonging to the privateer called the 'Vernon,' whom they had hired to assist them in the waylaying and seizing of Sir John, came to the 'White Hart;' when having ordered they should have what they would call for, he went himself to breakfast in the closet over the porch, from whence he had a full view of Mr. Smith's house, whilst the others posted themselves below, on the look-out for Sir John; and it was not long before he came on horseback to Mr. Smith's; but his stay was very short, being obliged to go to Bath: however, he promised Mr. Smith to be in

Bristol again by the Saturday following. He was seen from the 'White Hart' by Mr. Goodere and his spies upon the watch; but having a servant, and riding with pistols, they did not think proper to attempt the seizing of him then; but as he rode down the hill, by St. Augustine's Back, Mr. Goodere called out to Mahony, in these words: 'Look to him well, Mahony, and watch him; but don't touch him now.' And, in fact, Gentlemen, the prisoners and their companions followed and watched Sir John a considerable way. Afterwards, Mr. Smith acquainted the prisoner, Goodere, that his brother was to be with him on the Sunday following; and little thinking that an interview betwixt brothers could be of fatal tendency, advised him to be in the way, that he might bring them together: which advice the prisoner observed with but too great punctuality, taking care in the interim to lay such a train, that it should be hardly possible for his brother to escape falling into his hands. He ordered the man-of-war's barge to be sent up for him on the Sunday; accordingly, it came up between two and three that afternoon; of which Mr. Goodere being informed by one Williams, a midshipman, whom he had ordered up in it, he inquired of Williams if he knew the river, and the brick-kilns, going down it? And Williams telling him he did, Mr. Goodere ordered him to get all the boat's crew to-

gether, and be sure to place the barge at the brick-kilns, and leave but two or three hands to look after the barge, and bring all the rest of the men to the 'White Hart' ale-house, and wait for him there. Accordingly, Gentlemen, Williams and most of the bargemen came to the place of rendezvous at the 'White Hart,' where Mahony, with several of the privateer's men (I believe all or part of the same gang that had been there on the watch the Tuesday before), were also met, by Mr. Goodere's orders, to waylay and seize Sir John; and stood at the window, on the look-out, in order to watch his coming out of Mr. Smith's. Thus the ambuscade being laid, the prisoner, Mr. Goodere, goes to Mr. Smith's about three in the afternoon, the hour at which Sir John had appointed to be there. He went directly towards his brother, Sir John, and kissed him (what kind of kiss it was, will best appear in the sequel), and observed to him, with an outward show of satisfaction, that he looked in better health than he had formerly done. Mr. Smith was so good as to drink friendship and reconciliation between the two brothers. Mr. Goodere pledged it in a glass of wine, which he drank to his brother, Sir John, who, being under a regimen, offered to pledge him in water; little thinking his brother designed to end their differences by putting an end to his life. But that, Gentlemen, you'll soon see,

was the sole end he had in view; for Sir John, in about half an hour, taking his leave, Mr. Goodere was following him. Mr. Smith stopped Mr. Goodere, saying, 'I think I have done great things for you.' Says Mr. Goodere, 'By heaven! this won't do;' and immediately followed his brother; and meeting some of the sailors he had posted at the 'White Hart,' says to them, 'Is he ready?' and being answered 'Yes,' he bade them make haste. Mahony and the other fellows, who were on the look-out at the 'White Hart,' seeing Sir John go down St. Augustine's Back, immediately rushed out, and (as they had been ordered by Mr. Goodere) seized Sir John as their prisoner. Just then, Mr. Goodere himself was come up, and had joined his companions, and showed himself their ringleader; for, according to my instructions, he gave them positive orders to carry Sir John on board the barge; and they but too exactly obeyed the word of command. They hurried on Sir John with the utmost violence and precipitation, forcing him along, and even striking him in the presence of his brother; and, as the Romans used to do their malefactors, dragged him through the public way. The poor unfortunate creature made repeated outcries of murder—that he was ruined and undone, for his brother was going to take away his life. He made what resistance he could—called aloud for help; but all was to no

purpose. Several persons, indeed, followed them, and asked what was the matter? But they were answered by Mr. Goodere and his associates, that the person they were hauling along was a murderer—had killed a man, and was going to be tried for his life. The most of this ruffianly crew, being armed with bludgeons and truncheons, obliged the people who came about to keep off, holding up their sticks at them, and threatening to knock them down. Gentlemen, when they had thus forced Sir John towards the end of the rope-walk, Mr. Goodere (who all along bore them company, and animated them as they passed along) bade them make more dispatch, and mend their pace. Accordingly, they took up Sir John, and carried him by main force a considerable way, then let him down again, and pushed and hauled him along, until they had got near to the slip opposite the 'King's Head.' Sir John cried out, 'Save me! save me! for they are going to murder me!' There the barge came up; and the prisoner, Mr. Goodere, had his brother forced into the barge, and with Mahony and the rest went also into the barge. Sir John then called out, 'For God's sake, run to Mr. Smith, and tell him I am about to be murdered, or I am an undone man.' And crying out that his name was Dinely, Mr. Goodere stopped his mouth with his hand to prevent his telling his other name. And

though Sir John was in an ill state of health, yet his hard-hearted brother forcibly took his cloak from off his back, and put it on himself. And having thus got him into his power, he ordered the men to row off; telling his brother, that now he had got him into his custody, he would take care of him, and prevent his making away with his estate. But, Gentlemen, in fact so little did he think himself concerned with what Sir John did with the estate, that he was of opinion no act of Sir John's could affect it longer than his own life, and that it must necessarily devolve to him, as the next in remainder, on his brother's dying without issue. And this, Gentlemen, he declared to Mr. Smith but a few days before; and indeed his brother at once saw what kind of prevention it was he meant. 'I know,' says he to Mr. Goodere, soon after his being forced into the barge, 'you intend to murder me this night, and therefore you may as well do it now as carry me down.' Poor gentleman! his heart misgave him, that the design of this base and daring outrage was to make the ship his prison, one of the cabins his slaughter-house, and the sea his grave; and therefore he made it his choice to be thrown overboard in the river (where his body might be found) rather than buried in the ocean. The prisoner, Goodere, denied indeed he had any such design, but yet could

not refrain from the usual exhortation to dying persons that he would have him make his peace with God. At the Redcliff, the privateer's men were set on shore, and I think about seven in the evening the barge reached the 'Ruby' man-of-war, then in the King's Road. Mr. Goodere had in their passage talked of bleeding and purging his brother, to bring him to his senses, pretending he was a madman; for he knew very well that very few of his own men would have assisted him in such an enterprise, had they not been under a belief that his brother was really mad. And to keep up such a notion, as soon as he had got him on board the 'Ruby,' he hurried him down what I think they call the gangway into the purser's cabin, making an apology that he had brought in a mad fellow there; then ordered two bolts to be clapped on the cabin-door, for the making his prison more secure, which was accordingly done. And now having made his brother a prisoner, his next step was to destroy him. He took Mahony with him into his own cabin, and there the cruel means of murdering his brother was concerted between them. They agreed to strangle him, and engaged one White (who is hereafter to stand to the justice of his country) to assist them in the butchery. I should have told you, Gentlemen, that it is usual in ships of war to place a sentinel over persons under arrest; and

accordingly one was placed, by Mr. Goodere's orders, with a drawn cutlass in his hand, at the door of the cabin where Sir John was confined. This sentinel about twelve at night was relieved by one Buchanan. It was impossible for the prisoners to put their wicked design in execution while this Buchanan remained at the cabin-door; so, to remove that obstacle, Mr. Goodere (after having been in close conference with Mahony and White) comes down to the purser's cabin, takes the cutlass from Buchanan, and orders him on deck, posting himself at the door of the purser's cabin with the drawn cutlass in his hand. I shall open none of the circumstances disclosed by Mahony in his confession, as being no evidence against Mr. Goodere; but it will be made appear to you, in proof that Mahony and White came to the purser's cabin while Mr. Goodere stood posted at the door of it, that they were let into the purser's cabin by Mr. Goodere himself. Mahony in particular was seen by one Macguiness (who kept watch in the gun-room) to go into the purser's cabin, Mr. Goodere at the same time standing sentinel at the door of it, and waving his cutlass at Macguiness to make him go back. He did so; but Mr. Goodere waved his cutlass to him a second time, and bade him keep back. Then, Gentlemen, it was that Mr. Goodere and his two accomplices effected the cruel murder of his unfortunate brother.

Mahony was heard to bid him not stir for his life; and then, in conjunction with White, whilst Mr. Goodere stood watch for them at the cabin-door (which Mr. Recorder will tell you was the same as being within it), fell on this unhappy gentleman as he lay in the cabin; and one of them having half throttled him with his hands, they put a rope about his neck, and at length strangled him. Great were his agonies, and long and painful the conflict between life and death. He struggled violently, and kicked against the cabin, crying out several times very loud, 'Murder! Must I die! Help, for God's sake; save my life! Here are twenty guineas—take them!' For he well knew they were strangling him by his brother's orders, and therefore offered them a bribe to spare his life. The ship's cooper (one Jones) and his wife, lying in the adjoining cabin, heard his dying outcries and the noise occasioned by his kicking; his cries, too, were heard by others far beyond the cabin-door. Nature at length gave way, and he expired under these cruelties. Then Mahony called for a light, that they might have all the evidence of their eyesight that Sir John was actually dead; and (which is a shocking circumstance in the case) Mr. Goodere himself handed them in the candle upon that occasion. Buchanan, perceiving the light disappear, was coming to him with another; but Mr. Goodere

waved the cutlass at him to stand off. Such, Gentlemen, was the fatal conclusion of this tragical business. What was seen by the cooper and his wife after the candle was handed in, with regard to rifling the deceased, shall come from their own mouths. The murder being thus effected, Mr. Goodere locked the door, and withdrew to his own cabin. Mahony and White were by his order put aboard the yawl, and sent to Bristol. They did not fly the city, Gentlemen, depending that their fellow-murderer would some way or other smother this deed of darkness, and take care of their security for the sake of his own. But Divine Providence ordered otherwise. The honest cooper, though he durst not give the alarm whilst the murder was committing, for fear of sharing the same fate with Sir John, yet as soon as he could with safety, made a discovery of the whole that he had heard and seen. It was concluded that Mr. Goodere had made away with his brother, which too evidently appeared on the cooper's forcing open the purser's cabin-door, where Sir John lay murdered; and thereupon the cooper had the resolution to seize the murderer who remained on board, though his Captain. He pretended innocence; and when brought by warrant before Mr. Mayor and other of the city magistrates, publicly declared that he did not then know his brother was murdered, and went so far as to deny his having

had any hand in either the seizing, detaining, or murdering him. But, Gentlemen, if my instructions don't mislead me, we shall fix the thing at least as strongly upon Mr. Goodere as Mahony, and more strongly upon them both than I am willing to open it."

Then came a cloud of witnesses: Mr. Smith, the landlord of the 'White Hart;' a variety of by-standers; the men of the barge, one of whom, the Midshipman Williams, deposes to the exhortation given by Captain Goodere to his brother, to make his peace with God:

Williams.—And the Captain being as near to Sir John as I am to your Lordship, Sir John asked the Captain what he was going to do with him? Says the Captain: "I am going to carry you on board to save you from ruin, and from lying rotting in a gaol."

Mr. Vernon (*counsel for the prosecution*).—And what reply did Sir John make to that?

Williams.—He said: "I know better things. I believe you are going to murder me. You might as well throw me overboard, and murder me here right, as carry me on board ship and murder me." "No," says the Captain, "I am not going to do any such thing; but I would have you make your peace with God." As I steered the boat I heard all that passed.

Then came witnesses to the bringing on board and into the purser's cabin, and the fastening on the bolts, and the placing a sentinel at the door, and the replacing that sentinel by Captain Goodere himself; and then comes the chief witness of all, the "honest cooper."

Edward Jones sworn:

Mr. Vernon.—Mr. Jones, I think you are the cooper of the ship 'Ruby?'

Jones.—Yes, Sir.

Mr. Vernon.—Were you on board on Sunday, the 18th of January last?

Jones.—Yes, Sir; I was.

Mr. Vernon.—In what cabin did you lie that night?

Jones.—I had no cabin; but I made bold to lie in the slop-room that night, having my wife on board.

Mr. Vernon.—Pray what is that you call the slop-room?

Jones.—It is like a cabin.

Mr. Vernon.—How near is the slop-room to the purser's cabin?

Jones.—Nothing but a thin deal partition parts it from the purser's cabin.

Mr. Vernon.—Will you relate to Mr. Recorder and the jury, what you know about the murder of Mr. Goodere's brother. Tell the whole you know concerning it.

Jones.—About Wednesday or Thursday before this happened, the Captain said to me, "Cooper, get this purser's cabin cleared out;" for he said he expected a gentleman shortly to come on board. I cleared it out, and on Sunday evening the gentleman came on board. When the people on deck cried, "Cooper, show a light," I brought a light, and saw the Captain going down the cockpit ladder. The gentleman was hauled down; he complained of a pain in his thigh from their hauling him on board. The Captain asked him if he would have a dram. He said no, for he had drunk nothing but water for two years. The Captain ordered Mahony a dram. He drank it. He also ordered one Jack Lee to put two bolts on the purser's cabin-door. The gentleman walked to and fro the purser's cabin, whilst they were nailing the bolts on. He wanted to speak with one of the officers. The carpenter told him he was the carpenter. Says the gentleman, "Do you understand what my brother Sam is going to do with me?" And said his brother had brought him on board to murder him that night. The carpenter said he hoped not, but what was done was for his good. The Captain said, they must not mind what his brother said, for he had been mad for a twelvemonth past; then the Captain went up again, and went into the doctor's room. I went to bed about eight o'clock. Some time about eleven o'clock at

night, I heard the gentleman knock. Mahony went into him. Mahony sat down in the cabin, and he and the gentleman had a great deal of discourse together: the gentleman said he had been at the East Indies, and told what he had got by his merit, and Mahony said some by good friends. I heard the gentleman, after Mahony had gone, pray to God to be his comforter under his afflictions: he said to himself that he knew he was going to be murdered, and prayed that it might come to light by one means or another. I took no notice of it, because I thought him a crazy man. I slept a little, and about two or three o'clock, my wife waked me. She said, "Don't you hear the noise that is made by the gentleman; I believe they are killing him." I then heard him kick, and cry out "Here are twenty guineas! Take them! Don't murder me! Must I die! Must I die! O my life!" and gave several keeks with his throat, and then he was still. I got up in my bed upon my knees; I saw a light glimmering in at the crack, and saw that same man Mahony, with a candle in his hand. The gentleman was lying on one side. Charles White was there, and he put out his hand to get the gentleman upright. I heard Mahony cry out, and swear, "Let us take his watch!" But White said he could not get at it. I could not see his pockets. White laid hold of him, and went to tumbling him up to get

out his money and watch. I saw him lay hold of the chain. White gave Mahony the watch, who put it in his pocket, and White put his hand into one of the gentleman's pockets, and cursed that there was nothing but silver, but he put his hand into the other pocket, and there he found gold.

Mr. Recorder.—In what posture did Sir John lie at that time?

Jones.—He lay in a very uneasy manner, with one leg up, and when they moved him, he remained so; which gave me a suspicion that he was dead. *I saw a person's hand on the throat of this gentleman, and heard the person say, "'Tis done, and well done."*

Mr. Recorder.—Was that a third person's hand, or the hand of Mahony or White?

Jones.—I cannot say whether it was a third person's hand or not. I saw but two persons in the cabin. I did not see the person, for it was done in a moment. I can't swear I saw more than two persons in the cabin.

Mr. Recorder.—Did you take notice of the hand that was laid on Sir John's throat?"

Jones.—I did.

Mr. Recorder.—Did it appear to you like the hand of a common sailor?

Jones.—No; it seemed white.

Mr. Vernon.—You have seen two hands held

up at the bar to-day. I would ask you to which of them it was most like in colour?

Jones.—I have often seen Mahony's and White's hands, and I thought the hand was whiter than either of theirs; and I think it was neither of their hands by the colour of it.

Mr. Recorder.—Was Sir John on the floor, or on the bed?

Jones.—On the bed, but there was no sheets. It was a flock-bed, and nobody had lain there for a great while.

Mr. Vernon.—How long did the cries and noise that you heard continue?

Jones.—Not a great while. He cried like a person going out of the world, very low. At my hearing it, I would have got out in the meantime, but my wife desired me not to go, for she was afraid there was somebody at the door would have killed me.

Mr. Vernon.—What more do you know of this matter? or of Mahony and White being afterwards put on shore?

Jones.—I heard some talking that the yawl was to go to the shore about four of the clock in the morning, and some of us were called up, and I importuned my wife to let me go out. I called and asked, "Who is sentinel?" Duncan Buchanan answered and said, "It is I." "Oh!" says I, "is it you?"

I then thought myself safe. I jumped out in my shirt, went to him; says I, "There have been a devilish noise in the cabin, Duncan, do you know anything of the matter? They have certainly killed the gentleman. What shall us do?" I went to the cabin-door, where the doctor's mate lodged, asked him if he "had heard anything to-night?" "I heard a great noise," said he. "I believe," said I, "they have killed that gentleman." He said, he "believed so, too." I drawed aside the scuttle that looked into the purser's cabin from the steward's room, and cried, "Sir, if you are alive, speak." He did not speak. I took a long stick, and endeavoured to move him, but found he was dead. I told the doctor's mate, that I thought he was the proper person to relate the matter to the officer, but he did not care to do it then. "If you will not, I will," said I. I went up to the Lieutenant, and desired him to come out of his cabin to me. "What is the matter?" said he. I told him, "I believed there had been murder committed in the cockpit, upon the gentleman who was brought on board last night." "Oh! don't say so," said the Lieutenant. In that interim, whilst we were talking about it, Mr. Marsh, the midshipman, came and said that there was an order to carry White and Mahony on shore. I then swore they should not go on shore, for there was murder committed. The Lieutenant

said, "Pray, be easy; it can't be so. I don't believe the Captain would do any such thing." That gentleman there, Mr. Marsh, went to ask the Captain if Mahony and White must be put on shore? And Mr. Marsh returned again, and said the Captain said they should. I then said, "It is certainly true that the gentleman is murdered between them." I did not see Mahony and White that morning, because they were put on shore. I told the Lieutenant, that if he would not take care of the matter, I would write up to the Admiralty, and to the Mayor of Bristol. The Lieutenant asked the Captain to drink a glass of wine. The Captain would not come out of his cabin. Then the Lieutenant went in first. I followed him. Then I seized him, and several others came to my assistance.

The cooper's good wife, Margaret Jones, corroborated her husband's evidence in every point with equal clearness and directness. Witness after witness followed with terrible repetition, and a distinctness, a power of simple, honest truth that nothing could shake. The very watch and money for which they had wrangled over the dead body, were brought home to the subordinate ruffians, and the whole three were found guilty, condemned and executed as near as possible to the scene of the crime.

This remarkable murder took place rather more

than a hundred years ago. The two brothers were uncles of Samuel Foote, the celebrated mimic and comedian, and admirable farce writer, whose baptismal name was probably derived from that disgrace to the British Navy, Captain Samuel Goodere.

XII.

FISHING SONGS.

MR. DOUBLEDAY—MISS CORBETT.

ALL the world, that is to say, the reading world, whether male or female, has yielded to the magic of one Fisherman's book—"The English Angler," of Isaac Walton; and such is the charm of the subject, that the modern works which, so far as the science of angling is concerned, may be said to have superseded the instructions of the old master, the works of Sir Humphry Davy, of Mr. Hofland, of Mr. Henry Phillips, all men eminent for other triumphs than those of the fishing-rod, have, in their several ways, inherited much of the fascination that belongs to the venerable father of the piscatory art.

Even the dissertations on salmon-fishing, as practised in the wilder parts of Ireland and in Norway;

which, when measured with the humble sport of angling for trout in a southern stream, may be likened to the difference between a grand lion hunt in Africa and the simple pheasant shooting of a Norfolk squire—even the history of landing a salmon partakes of the Waltonian charm. We take up the book, and we forget to lay it down again; the greatest compliment that reader can pay to author.

The poetical brothers of the angle, however—I mean such as have actually written in verse—are not only fewer in number, but have generally belonged to the northern portion of our island. I am not sure that the pleasure with which I read "The Fisher's Welcome," may not partly be referred to that cause. At least, I do not like Mr. Doubleday's genial song the less for the reminiscences of canny Northumberland with which every stanza teems.

Years, many and changeful, have gone by since I trod those northern braes; they at whose side I stood lie under the green sod; yet still, as I read of the Tyne or of the Wansbeck, the bright rivers sparkle before me, as if I had walked beside them but yesterday. I still seem to stand with my dear father under the grey walls of that grand old abbey church at Hexham, gazing upon the broad river, as it sweeps in a majestic semicircle before us, amid, perhaps, the very fairest scenery of that fair valley of the Tyne, so renowned for varied beauty, whilst

he points to the haunts of his boyhood, especially the distant woods of Dilstone Hall, the forfeited estate of Lord Derwentwater. I still seem to listen, as he tells how, in the desolate orchard, he had often gathered fruit almost returned to the wildness of the forest; and how, among the simple peasantry, the recollection of the unhappy Earl, so beloved and so lamented, had lingered for half a century; and tales were yet told how, after his execution, his mangled remains were brought secretly by night to be interred in the vault of his ancestors, halting mysteriously in private houses by day, and resuming their melancholy journey during the dark hours; the secret known to so many, and yet kept so faithfully and so loyally, handed down from father to son, and spoken in low-whispered words as a solemn confidence to be religiously held sacred! a duty to the ruined and the dead! Thirty or forty years more had passed, yet I myself heard the country people speaking with tender pity of that cherished lord.

Or the Wansbeck, more familiar still! How plainly do I see that wild, daring stream!—now almost girdling, as a moat, the massive ruins of Mitford Castle,*—in the time of the Conqueror, it

* An old kinsman, my father's uncle, who lived almost within sight of the Castle Mound, used to derive the name Mid-ford, from the situation of the keep between two fords of

is to be presumed, the common ancestral home of our race and name, so widely scattered since;—now brawling through the deep glen behind the old tower of Little-Harle;—now almost invisible, creeping under the single arch that spans the richly-fringed burn by the pretty rectory of Hartburn;—now reflecting the autumn woods of Bothal and the grey walls of the Lady's Chapel!

Proteus of streams! Here a foaming torrent between rocks no wider than a deer may leap at a bound!—there a spreading lakelet, too shallow for a bridge, crossed by huge stepping-stones, on which my southern feet tottered and stumbled, and all but fell!

How well I remember my girlish terror when called upon to pass from one stepping-stone to another, and the girlish bravado with which, wanting courage to turn back, and laughing, half to cover my trepidation, and half from genuine fright, I confronted the danger and performed the exploit! Ah! I am not the first who has done a bold thing in fear and trembling, as, (if such truths were ever told,) many a soldier on his first field could bear witness. At last, encouraged by the applause of

the Wansbeck. So convinced was he of the truth of his theory, that, contrary to the practice of all the rest of the family, he pertinaciously adopted that mode of orthography in writing his patronymic.

friends and relatives, I even came to like the stepping-stones, the excitement, and the praise; just as, cheered by similar bribery, the soldier learns to love a great battle-day.

Those stepping-stones at Mitford! I can see them now. I had heard of them before I saw them, and of their perils. A lady's-maid of my acquaintance, London-born and London-bred—one of those dainty waiting gentlewomen for whose behoof Congreve, in the most graceful as well as the wittiest of his comedies, invented the name of Mrs. Mincing—had been seduced into venturing across them, handed and supported by a French valet. She had fallen, of course, and had dragged her unlucky escort after her; and her description of her previous alarm, the agonies she underwent before her dip, and the terrors of the catastrophe; how she lost a kid slipper and spoilt a silk skirt, and was laughed at by the north-country savages into the bargain; was enough to frighten all the silk skirts and kid slippers within fifty miles, to say nothing of the Mrs. Mincings, or of me.

Bright river Wansbeck! How many pleasant memories I owe to thy mere name! It were but common courtesy to wish a brimming basket and a smiling home to the kindly songster who casts his line across thy waters.

THE FISHER'S WELCOME.

We twa ha' fished the Kale sae clear,
And streams o' mossy Reed;
We've tried the Wansbeck and the Wear,
The Teviot and the Tweed;
An' we will try them ance again,
When summer suns are fine;
An' we'll throw the flies thegither yet,
For the days o' lang syne.

'Tis mony years sin' first we sat
On Coquet's bonny braes,
An' mony a brither fisher's gane,
An' clad in his last claiths;
An' we maun follow wi' the lave,
Grim Death he heucks us a';
But we'll hae anither fishing bout
Afore we're ta'en awa'.

For we are hale and hearty baith,
Tho' frosty are our pows,
We still can guide our fishing graith,
And climb the dykes and knowes;
We'll mount our creels and grip our gads,
An' throw a sweeping line,
An' we'll hae a splash amang the lads,
For the days o' lang syne.

Tho' Cheviot's top be frosty still,
He's green below the knee,
Sae don your plaid, and tak' your gad,
An' gae awa' wi' me.

Come busk your flies, my auld compeer,
We're fidgen a' fu' fain,
We've fished the Coquet mony a year,
An' we'll fish her ance again.

An' hameward when we toddle back,
An' nicht begins to fa',
An' ilka chiel maun hae his crack,
We'll crack aboon them a'.
When jugs are toomed and coggens wet,
I'll lay my loof in thine;
We've shown we're gude at water yet,
An' we're little warse at wine.

We'll crack how mony a creel we've filled,
How mony a line we've flung,
How mony a ged and saumon killed,
In days when we were young.
We'll gar the callants a' look blue,
An' sing anither tune;
They're bleezing aye o' what they'll do,
We'll tell them what we've dune.

The next song is of the sea :—

Weel may the boatie row,
An' better may she speed;
An' weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairnie's bread!
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
An' happy be the lot of a',
That wishes her to speed!

I cuist my line in Largo Bay,
An' fishes I caught nine;
There's three to boil, and three to fry,
An' three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
An' happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed!

O weel may the boatie row
That fills a heavy creel,
An' cleads us a' frae head to feet,
An' buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
An' happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed!

When Jamie vowed he wad be mine
An' won frae me my heart,
Oh muckle lighter grew my creel,
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
An' muckle lighter is the lade,
When luve bears up the creel.

My curch I pit upon my heid,
And dressed mysel fu' braw;
I trow my heart was dowf an' wae
When Jamie gaed awa'.
But weel may the boatie row,
An' lucky be her part,
An' lightsome be the lassie's care
That yields an honest heart.

When Sawney, Jock, and Jeanetie
Are up and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
An' lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel!
An' lightsome be her heart that bears
The murlain and the creel.

An' when wi' age we are worn down,
An' hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us hale and warm,
As we did them before,
Then weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairnie's bread;
An' happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boat to speed!

Again a song of the net and of the fishing-boat, and surely one of no ordinary merit. Miss Corbett is the authoress. We may well be proud of a poetess whose song is as bold and free as the breeze of which she sings :—

WE'LL GO TO SEA NO MORE.

Oh! blythely shines the bonnie sun
Upon the Isle of May,
And blythely comes the morning tide
Into St. Andrew's Bay,

Then up, gudeman, the breeze is fair;
And up my bra' bairns three,
There's goud in yonder bonnie boat
That sails sae weel the sea!
When haddocks leave the Frith o' Forth,
An' mussels leave the shore,
When oysters climb up Berwick Law,
We'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We'll go to sea no more.

I've seen the waves as blue as air,
I've seen them green as grass;
But I never feared their heaving yet
From Grangemouth to the Bass,
I've seen the sea as black as pitch,
I've seen it white as snow;
But I never feared its foaming yet,
Though the winds blew high or low.
When squalls capsize our wooden walls,
When the French ride at the Nore,
When Leith meets Aberdour half way,
We'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We'll go to sea no more.

I never liked the landsman's life,
The earth is aye the same;
Gi'e me the ocean for my dower,
My vessel for my hame.
Gi'e me the fields that no man ploughs,
The farm that pays no fee;
Gi'e me the bonny fish, that glance
So gladly through the sea.

When sails hang flapping on the masts,
While through the wave we snore;
When in a calm we're tempest-tost,
We'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We'll go to sea no more.

The sun is up, and round Inchkeith
The breezes softly blaw;
The gudeman has the lines on board:—
Awa', my bairns, awa'.
An' ye be back by gloamin' grey,
An' bright the fire will low,
An' in your tales and sangs we'll tell
How weel the boat ye row.
When life's last sun gaes feebly down,
An' Death comes to our door,
When a' the world's a dream to us,
We'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We'll go to sea no more.

Gi'e me the fields that no man ploughs,
The farm that pays no fee.

What two lines are these? The whole song seems set to the music of the winds and waves, so free and unshackled is the rhythm, and so hearty and seamanlike the sentiment. To speak all praise in one word, it might have been written by Joanna Baillie.

Although not strictly a Fishing Song, yet as one purporting to be sung by a mariner's wife, I cannot

resist the temptation of adding the charming ballad that concludes this paper. Mr. Robert Chambers attributes the authorship to William Julius Mickle, the translator of the "Lusiad," and the writer of "Cumnor Hall," to which, and the impression made upon Sir Walter Scott, in early life, by the first stanza,* the world is probably indebted for Kenilworth. Mr. Chambers says that of this ballad, an imperfect, altered, and corrected copy, was found among his manuscripts after his death; and his widow, being applied to, confirmed the external evidence in his favour, by an express declaration that her husband had said the song was his own, and that he had explained to her the Scottish words.

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jades, fling bye your wheel.
Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Gie me my cloak,—I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.

"The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby."

For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava';
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie me down my biggonet,
My bishop-satin gown,
And rin and tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Sunday shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearlin blue;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman.
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava';
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat.
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman—
He likes to see them braw.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava';
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

There's twa fat hens upon the bouk,
They've fed this month and mair;

Mak' haste and thraw their necks about
That Colin weel may fare.
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;—
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'!
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava';
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath's like caller air;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava';
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

The cauld blasts o' the winter's wind,
That thirled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part.
But what puts parting i' my heid?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our own,
The neist we never saw.

For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava';
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.
Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,

I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave:
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava';
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

Mr. Chambers may well call this song "the fairest flower in Mickle's poetical chaplet." Many a laureled bard might have proudly owned such a ballad.

P.S. I was reading this song to a friend, as well as a tongue not Scottish would let me, while an intelligent young person, below the rank that is called a lady, sate at work in the room. She smiled as I concluded, and said, half to herself, "Singing that song got my sister a husband!"

"Is she so fine a singer?" inquired my friend.

"No, Ma'am, not a fine singer at all; only somehow everybody likes to hear her, because she

seems to feel the words she sings, and so makes other people feel them. But it was her choosing that song that won William's love. He said that a woman who put so much heart into the description of a wife's joy at getting her husband home again, would be sure to make a good wife herself. And so she does. There never was a happier couple. It has been a lucky song for them, I am sure."

Now it seems to me that this true story is worth all the criticisms in the world, both on this particular ballad, and on the manner of singing ballads in general. Let the poet and his songstress only put heart into them, and the lady, at least, sees her reward.

XIV.

AUTHORS ASSOCIATED WITH PLACES.

JOHN KENYON.

In one of Mr. Kenyon's charming volumes, there is a slight and graceful poem, addressed to Mary Anning, of Lyme Regis, the first discoverer of the Saurian remains for which that picturesque coast is now so famous, which has for me an interest quite distinct from literature or geology. In that old historical town, so deeply interwoven with the tragedy of Monmouth and the triumph of William III., that old town so finely placed on the very line where Dorsetshire and Devonshire meet, I spent the eventful year when the careless happiness of childhood vanished, and the troubles of the world first dimly dawned upon my heart—felt in its effects rather than known—felt in its chilling gloom, as

we feel the shadow of a cloud that passes over the sun on an April day.

My dear mother, the only surviving child of a richly beneficed clergyman, had been for her station and for those times what might be called an heiress, and when she married my father, brought him, besides certain property in house and land, a portion in money of eight-and-twenty thousand pounds. He himself, the younger son of an old family, with a medical education as good as the world could afford, a graduate of Edinburgh, a house pupil of John Hunter, and personally all that attracts the sex—clever, handsome, young and gay, had won her heart almost without design when he came to settle to his profession in the little Hampshire town where after the death of both parents she had taken up her abode, and was easily persuaded by friends more worldly wise than he to address himself to a lady who, although ten years his senior, had every recommendation that heart could desire—except beauty. So they married. She full of confiding love refused every settlement beyond two hundred a-year pin-money, out of his own property, on which he insisted; and he justified her choice by invariable kindness and affection, an affection that knew no intermission from her wedding-day to the day of her death, and by every manly and generous quality, excepting that which is so necessary to stability and comfort in this work-a-day world—the homely

quality called prudence. Independent to a fault, frank in speech and rash in act, a zealous and uncompromising Whig, in those days when Whiggery was sometimes called sedition and sometimes treason, he first ruined his fair professional prospects in a place where he was known and loved, by plunging into the fervent hatreds of a hotly contested county election; and then, when he had removed into Berkshire, contrived by some similar outbreak to affront and alienate a rich cousin, of whom my mother was the declared heir, and who, after being violently angry with her for marrying, and with me for being a girl, had been propitiated by my bearing the magic name of Russell; and might perhaps have again relented had he not died within a few months, just after leaving his money to a child whom he had never seen, who had not even the baptismal Russell to recommend him. Then in his new residence he got into some feud with that influential body the corporation; and whether impatient of professional restraints, or of the slow progress of a physician's fortunes, he attempted to increase his own resources by the aid of cards (he was unluckily one of the finest whist-players in England), or by that other terrible gambling, which assumes so many forms, and bears so many names, but which even when called by its milder term of *speculation*, is that terrible thing gambling still; whatever might be the manner of the loss—or

whether, as afterwards happened, his own large-hearted hospitality and too-confiding temper were alone to blame—for the detail was never known to me, nor do I think it was known to my mother; he did not tell, and we could not ask—whatever the actual cause, it seems to me certain that about this time nearly all of his own paternal property, except the reserved pin-money, and much of my mother's fortune, was in some way sunk.

Under these circumstances, just as a remarkable cure was beginning to make his medical talent advantageously known, he resolved to remove to Lyme, feeling with characteristic sanguineness that in a fresh place success would be certain. How often in after life has that sanguine spirit, which cling to him to his last hour, made me tremble and shiver. I had seen him so often disappointed, that it seemed to me that what he expected could never come to pass; and such, I think, is the natural effect produced on all around by an over-sanguine spirit. Even Hope has never been so truly characterized as by the great poet in his fine personification, "Fear and *trembling* Hope;" and I saw the other day a beautiful copy of the celebrated picture known as Guido's Hope, in which the expression is that of intense melancholy. That lovely face looked as if listening to prognostics that were not to be fulfilled.

Well, we removed to Lyme Regis. The house

my father took there was, as commonly happens to people whose fortunes are declining, far more splendid than any we had ever inhabited, indeed the very best in the town. It was situated about the middle of the principal street, and had been during two or three seasons some twenty years before rented by the great Lord Chatham for the use of his two sons, the second Earl and William Pitt, at the time that we occupied it Prime Minister of England. Hayley, in his Autobiography, mentions having seen the youths there. The house, built of the beautiful grey stone of the Isle of Portland, had a great extent of frontage, terminating by large gates surmounted by spread eagles, probably the crest of some former proprietor. An old stone porch, with benches on either side, projected from the centre, covered, as was the whole front of the house, with tall, spreading, wide-leafed myrtle, abounding in blossom, with moss-roses, jessamine, and passion-flowers. Behind the buildings, extended round a paved quadrangle, was the drawing-room, a splendid apartment, of which the chimney-piece was surmounted by a copy in marble of Shakespeare's tomb in Westminster Abbey, looking upon a little lawn surrounded by choice ever-greens, particularly the bay, the cedar, and the arbutus, and terminated by an old-fashioned greenhouse and a filbert-tree walk, from which again three detached gardens sloped abruptly down to one of the clear dancing rivulets of that western country,

reflecting in its small broken stream a low hedge of myrtle and roses. In the steep declivity of the central garden was a grotto, over-arching a cool, sparkling spring, whilst the slopes on either side were carpeted with strawberries and dotted with fruit-trees. One drooping medlar, beneath whose pendant branches I have often hidden, I remember well.

Dearly as I have loved my two later homes, I have never seen anything like that garden. It did not seem a place to be sad in; neither did the house, with its large, lofty rooms, its noble oaken staircases, its marble hall, and the long galleries and corridors, echoing from morning to night with gay visitors, cousins from the North, friends from Hampshire and Berkshire, and the ever-shifting company of the old watering place. One incident that occurred there—a frightful danger—a providential escape—I shall never forget.

There was to be a ball at the Rooms, and a party of sixteen or eighteen persons dressed for the assembly were sitting in the dining-room at dessert. The ceiling was ornamented with a rich running pattern of flowers in high relief, the shape of the wreath corresponding pretty exactly with the company arranged round the oval table. Suddenly —whether from the action of the steam of the dinner upon the plaister, or from the movement of the servants in the room, or from some one passing

quickly overhead, was never discovered—but in one instant, without the slightest warning, all that part of the ceiling which covered the assembled company became detached, and fell down in large masses upon the table and the floor. It seems even now all but miraculous how such a catastrophe could occur without injury to life or limb—for the portions of moulded plaister, although much broken in their descent, were thick and heavy, and the height of the apartment very considerable; but except the bald head of one venerable clergyman, which was a little scratched, the only things damaged were the flowers and feathers of the ladies, and the crystal and china, the fruits and wines of the dessert. I myself caught instantly in my father's arms, by whose side I was standing, had scarcely even time to be frightened, although, after the danger was over, our fair visitors of course began to scream.

My own nurseries were spacious and airy. But next to the magnificent room in which my grandfather's fine library was arranged, and which, save a very few favourite volumes, remained there, to be disposed in the chances of an auction, next to the book-room, always my favourite haunt in every house, the place which I most affected was a dark pannelled chamber on the first floor, to which I descended through a private door by half a dozen stairs, so steep, that, still a very small and puny

child between eight and a half to nine and a half, and unable to run down them in the common way, I used to jump from one step to the other. This chamber was filled with such fossils as were then known, for the great landslip at Charmouth had not then laid bare the geological treasures of the place. Still it was rich in specimens of petrifactions of various kinds, in glittering spars, in precious-looking ores, in curious shells and gigantic sea-weeds; some the cherished products of my own discoveries, and some broken for me by my father's little hammer from portions of rock that lay beneath the cliffs, under which almost every fine day we used to ramble hand in hand.

Sometimes we would go towards Charmouth, with its sweeping bay passing under the church and churchyard, perched so high above us, and already undermined by the tide; at another, we bent our steps to the Pinny cliffs on the other side of the harbour, those dark beetling cliffs from whose lofty tops little streams of fresh water fell in slender cascades, finding their narrow way across the sands to the sea; the beautiful Pinny cliffs, where, about a mile and a half from the town, an old landslip had deposited a farm-house, with its outbuildings, its garden, and its orchard, tossed half way down amongst the rocks, contrasting so strangely its rich and blossoming vegetation, its look of home and of comfort, with the dark rugged masses above, below, and around. Sometimes, at high water, we paced

the old pier called the Cob, to which Miss Austen has since given such an interest. And sometimes we turned inland, and ascended the hill to Up-Lyme, with its tufted orchards and its pretty streamlets. I used to disdain those streamlets in those days with such scorn as a small damsel fresh from the Thames and the Kennett thinks herself privileged to display. "They call that a river here, papa! Can't you jump me 'over it?" quoth I in my sauciness. About a month ago, I heard a young lady from New York talking in some such strain of Father Thames. "It's a pretty little stream," said she, "but to call it a river!" and I half expected to hear a complete reproduction of my own impertinence, and a request to be jumped from one end to the other of Caversham bridge.

Once too from the highest story of our own house, I saw that fine and awful spectacle a great storm. My father took me from my bed at midnight, that I might see the grandeur and the glory of the tempest, the spray rising to the very tops of the cliffs, pale and ghastly in the lightning, and hear the roar of the sea; the moaning of the wind, the roll of the thunder, and, amongst them all, the fearful sound of the minute guns, telling of death and danger on that iron-bound coast.

This was the one exception to the general brightness of that lovely bay, and it passed by me like a dream. For the most part, all was beauty on every side; the sunshine seemed reflected from the

rich valleys and the glorious sea; and the people of the little port, the thriving peasantry, and the bustling seamen, had a peculiar air of cheerfulness and comfort. It was a strange place to be sad in.

And yet sad I was. Nobody told me, but I felt, I knew, I had an interior conviction, for which I could not have accounted, that in the midst of all this natural beauty and apparent happiness, in spite of the company, in spite of the gaiety, something was wrong. It was such a foreshowing as makes the quicksilver in the barometer sink whilst the weather is still bright and clear.

And at last the change came. My father went again to London, and lost—I think, I have always thought so—more money: all, perhaps, except that positively settled upon my mother, and a legacy of rather smaller amount left to me by the maiden sister of the angry cousin. Then, one by one, our visitors departed; and my father, who had returned in haste again, in equal haste left home, after short interviews with landlords, and lawyers, and auctioneers; and I knew—I can't tell how, but I did know—that everything was to be parted with, and everybody paid.

That same night two or three large chests were carried away through the garden by George and another old servant, and a day or two after my mother and myself, with Mrs. Mosse, the good

housekeeper, who lived with my grandfather before his marriage, and one other maid-servant, left Lyme in a hack chaise. We were to travel post. But in the general trouble nobody had remembered that some camp was breaking up between Bridport and Dorchester, so that when we reached the latter town we found to our consternation that there was neither room for us at any inn, nor chaise, nor horses to pursue our journey. All that could be done for us, after searching through the place, was a conveyance in a vehicle which was going seven or eight miles our way, and from whence there was a prospect of our getting on in the morning. This machine turned out to be a sort of tilted cart without springs, and the jolting upon the Dorsetshire roads fifty-five years ago was doubtless something sufficiently uncomfortable. The discipline of travel teaches people to think little of temporary inconveniences now-a-days, and doubtless many a fine lady would laugh at such a shift. But it was not as a temporary discomfort that it came upon my poor mother. It was her first touch of poverty. It seemed like a final parting from all the elegances and all the accommodations to which she had been used. I never shall forget her heart-broken look when she took her little girl upon her lap in that jolting caravan (so for the more grace they called the vehicle), nor how the tears stood in her eyes

when we were turned altogether into our miserable bed-room when we reached the road-side alehouse where we were to pass the night, and found ourselves, instead of the tea we so much needed, condemned to sup on stale bread and dirty cheese, as people who arrive in tilted carts have been and will be to the end of the world.

The next day we resumed our journey, and reached a dingy comfortless lodging in one of the suburbs beyond Westminster Bridge. What my father's plans were I do not exactly know; probably to gather together what disposable money still remained after paying all debts from the sale of books, plate and furniture at Lyme, and thence to proceed (backed up by his greatly lessened income) to practise in some distant town. At all events London was the best starting-place, and he could consult his old fellow-pupil and life-long friend, Dr. Babington, then one of the physicians to Guy's Hospital, and refresh his medical studies with experiments and lectures, whilst determining in what place to bestow himself.

In the meanwhile his spirits returned as buoyant as ever, and so, now that fear had changed into certainty, did mine. In the intervals of his professional pursuits he walked about London with his little girl in his hand; and one day (it was my birth-day, and I was ten years old) he took

me into a not very tempting-looking place, which was, as I speedily found, a lottery office. An Irish lottery was upon the point of being drawn, and he desired me to choose one out of several bits of printed paper (I did not then know their significance) that lay upon the counter:

"Choose which number you like best," said the dear papa, "and that shall be your birth-day present."

I immediately selected one, and put it into his hand: No. 2,224.

"Ah," said my father, examining it, "you must choose again. I want to buy a whole ticket; and this is only a quarter. Choose again, my pet."

"No, dear papa, I like this one best."

"Here is the next number," interposed the lottery office keeper, "No. 2,223."

"Ay," said my father, "that will do just as well. Will it not, Mary? We'll take that."

"No!" returned I, obstinately; "that won't do. This is my birth-day you know, papa, and I am ten years old. Cast up *my* number, and you'll find that makes ten. The other is only nine."

My father, superstitious like all speculators, struck with my pertinacity, and with the reason I gave, which he liked none the less because the ground of preference was tolerably unreasonable, resisted the attempt of the office keeper to tempt

me by different tickets, and we had nearly left the shop without a purchase, when the clerk, who had been examining different desks and drawers, said to his principal:

"I think, Sir, the matter may be managed if the gentleman does not mind paying a few shillings more. That ticket, 2,224, only came yesterday, and we have still all the shares; one half, one quarter, one eighth, two sixteenths. It will be just the same if the young lady is set upon it."

The young lady was set upon it, and the shares were purchased.

The whole affair was a secret between us, and my father whenever he got me to himself talked over our future twenty thousand pounds—just like Alnaschar over his basket of eggs.

Meanwhile, time passed on, and one Sunday morning we were all preparing to go to church, when a face that I had forgotten, but my father had not, made its appearance. It was the clerk of the lottery office. An express had just arrived from Dublin, announcing that No. 2,224 had been drawn a prize of twenty thousand pounds, and he had hastened to communicate the good news.

Ah, me! In less than twenty years what was left of the produce of the ticket so strangely chosen? What? except a Wedgwood dinner-service that my father had had made to comme-

morate the event, with the Irish harp within the border on one side, and his family crest on the other! That fragile and perishable ware long outlasted the more perishable money!

And then came long years of toil, and struggle, and anxiety, and jolting over the rough ways of the world, of which the tilted cart of Dorchester offers a feeble type. But it is a subject of intense thankfulness that, although during those long years want often came very close to our door, it never actually entered; and that those far dearer and far better worth than I, were, more than once, saved from its clutches when it seemed nearest by something even more fragile and less durable than Mr. Wedgwood's china or the Irish lottery ticket.

Amongst the consolations and encouragements of those years, I may reckon the partial kindness of the late excellent Mrs. Kenyon, for it is to her fancy for my poor writings that I owe not only her own highly-prized friendship, but the thousand good offices of her accomplished husband.

His poems, full as they are of the largest and most liberal views, of refined taste and of harmonious versification, make but a small part of his reputation. I think he generally intends to publish them, but he does actually disperse them amongst his friends before the public has time to find them out, so that they have the grace, freshness, and rarity

of gift-books; and his hospitality, his benevolence, and his conversational power are far better known than his verse.

Now this verse has to me a singular charm, particularly "The Rhymed Plea for Tolerance," which is so clear, so scholarly, and so full of strong, manly sense. Only see in how short a space he gives a history of English morals, or perhaps, to speak more accurately, of the morals of English literature, from the Commonwealth to the first French Revolution.

When lofty Charles and ancient Privilege
Of new-mailed liberty first felt the siege,
Then first Old England rather groaned than rang
With godly hymns and Barebones' nasal twang.
But then not less the godless cavalier
Flung his loose ballad on the offended ear;
And still, for so extremes extremes provoke,
Mocked the prim preachment with the ribald joke.

A following century struck a wiser mean;
The mass was then more cheerful, but more clean.
Yet then unprudish Addison could win,
Then Pope deemed raillery unstarched no sin;
Then scornful Swift could frolic with free touch,
And Peachum pleased a race that robbed not much.
Some even have played with Congreve's comic lyre,
Nor felt the tinder temperament take fire.

War with pretence satiric Fielding waged,
Yet thousands read of Blifil unenraged;
(For least who feign are least by banter crost,
'Tis doubtful titles stir the passions most;)
And follies forth, and forth e'en vices streamed,
Yet Man meanwhile was better than he seemed.

Then too our Second George, not overstaid,
Would lead his court to merry masquerade,
And if the mask chance-vices covered there,
'Twas not, as 'neath the Third, life's daily wear.

And Puritans extinct had ceased to rage
And vex with holy war the graceful stage;
And then if Constance, or discrowned Lear,
Had roused some loftier throb or deeper tear;
Or Sweet Miranda's purest womanhood
Touched the fine sense of Beautiful and Good;
Or glorious Falstaff, raciest son of earth,
Shook from his sides immeasurable mirth;
Or free Autolycus, as nature free,
Had won to bear his rogueries for his glee;
Even then—no follower of play-scourging Prynne
Denounced, as now, the sympathy for sin.

And then—though Wesley, strong in fervent youth,
Strong in man's weakness, strong in his own truth,
Followers ere long drew round him, Hope and Fear,
Rueful Pretence and Penitence sincere;
Votaries the most with little to resign,
Rude audience from the workshop or the mine;

And though erewhile at Pride's or Faith's command,
Some titled Dowager would head the band;
(For stimulants still charm fair devotee,
Chapel for church, for writ extempore;)
And though a court more decent than before,
With cowl and hood court-vices covered o'er,
And cast from Windsor's towers a monkish gloom;
Yet Frankness still had genial air and room,
Free in the main to pray, or sport at will,—
And our dear land was "merry England" still.

But when, as chanced, from limbs and wearied veins,
France, slavery stung, burst body-bands and chains;
Some were rejoiced; some doubted; some were sad;
But all at length allowed her Freedom mad;
Most for our own proclaimed a muzzle right,
Some would have slain, so much they feared the bite.
The danger, seen through mist, loomed large and near,
And Reason, Principles, were lost in Fear.

Then ancient statesmen took their daily range
Round one small spot, and shuddering talked of change;
Or, niched, discreet, behind Prescription's shield,
In his own wrong urged Valour to the field.
Wealth, mid his coffers, feared the approaching war,
And ribboned Title trembled for his star;
Vague unused terrors crept upon the brave,
And scarce the scornful Bar its scorn could save.
The ready Pulpit joined the Statesman's game,
And Freedom walked our British soil in shame.

Then follows a magnificent character of Burke,

proving how just Mr. Kenyon can be to real greatness in every shade of opinion. The following stanza, from a beautiful poem called "Upper Austria," has the same rare merit of fairness and candour,

O Liberty! thou sacred name
  Whate'er reproach may thee befall,
From judgment just or spiteful blame,
  To thee I cling on thee I call.
  And yet thou art not all in all;
And e'en where thou art worshipped less,
  In spite of check, in spite of thrall,
Content may spring and happiness.

The spirited and original anacreontic, entitled "Champagne Rose," was composed under very peculiar circumstances. Having improvised, while looking at the bubbles upon a glass of pink champagne, the exceedingly happy line that begins the song, Mr. Kenyon was challenged to complete it on the spot. He undertook to do so within twenty minutes, and accomplished his task, as very few besides himself could have done.

Lily on liquid roses floating—
  So floats yon foam o'er pink Champagne—
Fain would I join such pleasant boating,
  And prove that ruby main,
    Floating away on wine!

Those seas are dangerous, greybeards swear,
Whose sea-beach is the goblet's brim;
And true it is they drown old Care,
But what care we for him,
So we but float on wine!

And true it is they cross in pain
Who sober cross the Stygian ferry;
But only make our Styx Champagne,
And we shall cross right merry,
Floating away on wine!

Old Charon's self shall make him mellow,
Then gaily row his boat from shore;
While we and every jovial fellow
Hear unconcerned the oar,
That dips itself in wine!

The charming stanzas with which I conclude my extracts form part of a poem written to illustrate an engraving in Finden's Tableaux; one of the many kindnesses which I owe to Mr. Kenyon. It would be difficult to find verse more melodious, or more pure.

THE SHRINE OF THE VIRGIN.

Who knows not, fair Sicilian land!
How proudly thou wert famed of yore
When all the Muses hymned thy strand,
And pleased to tread so sweet a shore.

Bacchus and Ceres, hand in hand,
To thee their choicest treasures bore,
And saw upreared their graceful shrines,
Mid waving corn and curling vines.

Yes! land thou wert of fruit and flowers,
The favoured land of Deity;
By Jove made glad with suns and showers,
By Neptune cheered with brightest sea;
E'en Dis, beneath his gloomy bowers,
Had heard and loved to dream of thee,
And, when he willed to take a bride,
Snatched her from Enna's sloping side.

Those hollow creeds have passed away,
Those false, if graceful, shrines are gone;
A purer faith, of stricter sway,
For our behoof their place hath won;
And Christian altars overlay
Yon temple's old foundation stone;
And in Minerva's* vacant cell
Sublimest wisdom deigns to dwell.

And where, within some deep shy wood,
And seen but half through curving bough,
In silent marble Dian stood,
Behold! a holier Virgin now
Hath sanctified the solitude;
And thou, meek Mary-Mother! thou

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* The present cathedral of Syracuse was formerly a temple of Minerva.

Dost hallow each old Pagan spot,
Or storied stream, or fabled grot!

The devious pilgrim, far beguiled,
How gladly doth he turn to greet
Thy long-sought image, mid the wild
A calming thought, a vision sweet.
If grief be his then, Lady mild!
Thy gentle aid he will entreat,
And bowed in heart, not less than deed,
Findeth a prayer to fit the need.

There, while his secret soul he bares,
That lonely altar bending by,
The traveller passing unawares,
Shall stay his step, but not too nigh,
And hearkening to those unforced prayers,
Albeit the creed he may deny,
Shall own his reason less averse,
And spirit surely not the worse.

Thy shrines are lovely, wheresoe'er,
And yet, if it were mine to choose
One, loveliest, where fretted care
Might come to rest, or thought to muse,
'Twould be that one, so soft and fair
That standeth by old Syracuse:
Just where those salt-sea waters take
The likeness of an inland lake.

Green tendrilled plants, in many a ring
Creep round the grey stone tenderly,

As though in very love to cling
And clasp it; while the reverent sea
A fond up-looking wave doth bring
To break anon submissively;
As if it came that brow to greet;
Then whisper praise beneath thy feet.

* * * *

I love the ever-open door
That welcomes to the house of God!
I love the wide-spread marble floor,
By every foot in freedom trod!
Free altars let me bow before,
Free as the pathway or the sod,
Whence journeying pilgrim, mid broad air,
Wafts unpremeditated prayer.

I wish more people would write such lucid and melodious verse; but I have a suspicion that amongst the many who call themselves poets, there are very few indeed who can.

END OF VOL. II.

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